

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S ^{15c}

James Coyne, storm centre of our angriest debate: Is Canada possible?
Women are cowards about clothes ■ The score on intelligence tests

July 1 1961



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By Don Newlands

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MACLEAN'S

The race for Peace Corpsmen: can we stay ahead?

When Jack Kennedy's Peace Corpsmen begin to fan out around the world about a year from now, they'll find a few Canadian free-lances already hard at work in half a dozen countries.

The first group to jump into the Peace Corps business when it became fashionable last year was Canadian Overseas Volunteers, headed by Keith Spicer, a graduate student at the University of Toronto, and Toronto MP Fred Stinson. So far, COV has raised \$22,000 and will send eleven students—one more than was originally planned—to India, Ceylon and Sarawak this summer.

Few other groups have done as well.

At the University of British Columbia, a voluntary committee drafted a plan calling for volunteers and student and faculty exchanges with a budget of \$400,000; the money hasn't been raised. At the University of Saskatchewan a committee has proposed a plan for an Ecumenical Fraternal Christian Service; it, too, remains a plan. A small committee at the University of Manitoba's United College is working on a volunteer plan. A second Toronto project, called Canadian Commonwealth Voluntary Service, is looking for money to send senior high school students to overseas jobs, mostly in the West Indies.

Still up in the air is Laval's *Volontaires Canadiens Outre-mer*, which has selected and briefed five volunteers to go to Ghana but hasn't found the money to send them.

In the meantime, there's an administrative squabble. One side, centred around the Canadian National Commission for UNESCO, wants to set up a national organization to co-ordinate all the volunteer schemes and has had one conference to discuss it, without accomplishing much. Others—like the successful COV—think everyone will be better off if the schemes go pretty much their own way, finding local money and sending local volunteers. The federal government is all in favor of the plans but isn't committing itself to anything, especially money.

Perhaps the only other really successful group is the one that's chosen to mend some Canadian fences. It's the corps of ten U of T and UBC students now working with our own native peoples in the far north, under the auspices of the Indian-Eskimo Association of Canada.—PETER MARTIN

WATCH FOR

MORE LUXURIOUS HOSPITALS. Montreal's Royal Victoria is now being remodeled, with interiors by Colin Campbell McLean, a native Montrealer who now works out of Chicago as the world's only full-time hospital decorator. The Royal Vic's private pavillion will have 105 brightly colored rooms, each with a private bath and custom designed furniture, including a lounge-chair with a disappearing ottoman. "There's a growing competition among hospitals," says McLean, "for the kind of patient these rooms are designed to attract."

A BOOMLET IN HEARING AIDS. The buyers will be hunters who, as one manufacturer has noted, are starting to use them to listen for game. Further, says the same company, a couple of game wardens have bought the hearing aids to listen for gunfire in the off season.

EXOTIC NEW FOODS that are really combinations of plain old foods: **Turkey rolls** of white and dark meat boned and molded together in equal portions; **cherry-flavored seaweed** in cakes and balls that resemble natural cherries but sell for 15% to 25% less; **frozen cheese balls** in such combinations as cheddar with mustard, butter and

paprika, and blue cheese mixed with butter and rolled in chopped pecans.

WATCH OUT FOR

FAULTY BRAKE FLUID. If you live outside Ontario. As of July 1, Ontario will require brake fluid sold there to measure up to SAE (Society of Automotive Engineers) specifications. The result will be dumping of inferior brake fluids—which are cheap, but boil more easily than water—in other provinces. Thirty states in the U.S. now have legislation like Ontario's and the result has been dumping in the other twenty—and in many Canadian provinces.

PROFILE: How to become a young adult, full-time

Young adults are the coming thing. It is now as fashionable to talk about them as it was to talk about, say, pre-schoolers a few years ago. Everybody talks about them (including Maclean's, March 25). They talk about themselves—in groups like the 75 who went up to a summer camp in Ontario's Muskoka district for a June weekend to discuss their "Silent Generation."

It is now, in fact, possible to be a professional young adult, and perhaps the best known Canadian in this group is Violet King, a winsome, attractive Negro girl who has just accepted an assignment from the Canadian Citizenship Council: directing its work with, of course, young adult organizations.

Miss King, the daughter of a railway porter, was born in Calgary. She is a graduate of Crescent Heights Collegiate there—she was president of the Girls' Association—and of the law school of the University of Alberta.

She article in a Calgary office specializing in criminal law ("we had five murder cases in one year") and then joined the claims department of an insurance company. She spent much of her spare time working with organizations like the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews. "I wanted to bring young people of different religions and social backgrounds together," she says.



When the citizenship branch of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration offered her a job doing on a salary what she was already doing as a volunteer, she took it.

For four years she's been working at what she and the department call "citizenship programming for young adult organizations," which means she talks to a lot of young adult groups and suggests ways they could widen their programs, and runs seminars and con-

ferences. A particular favorite of hers is the annual Citizenship Seminar for Young Adults in Banff. Perhaps the project that got the most notice was a weekend meeting in Muskoka for 45 young people from organizations as diverse as the Jaycees and the Chinese Varsity Club who listened to Professors Arthur Lower and Marcus Long talk about Canadian nationalism, which is a favorite subject of young adults.

This spring, the Canadian Citizenship Council, looking around for something to celebrate its 21st birthday, asked Miss King to help it spend \$45,000 on work with... yes. Basically, the project is to try to bring various groups of them together. She'll have an advisory committee of young adults and later on, she'll let some older adults into the act, when she asks a group of social scientists to criticize the whole project. She doesn't want to say much more than that, since the Council hasn't yet raised its \$45,000, and she'll keep her government job at least until fall.

How old is this young adult? She's not saying. "I already have a hard time when I walk into meetings," she says. "People don't mind a woman lawyer, and being a Negro has a certain psychological advantage, but I don't want to be known as a woman and a Negro and young too."

The stock markets draw a bead on small investors

Canada's two largest stock exchanges are both trying to attract new small investors but they're going about it in distinctly different ways.

The Montreal exchange is pushing its installment-buying plan, launched April 1. Under it, a buyer can purchase up to \$1,000 worth of "seasoned industrials"—meaning gilt-edged stocks—by paying his broker 20% down, the rest in eight equal monthly installments. Interest charges are 6 3/4%. The MSE hasn't yet surveyed its 72 member brokers to tot up the dollar volume subscribed under the plan, but exchange officers report that it has been "very well received" and hope it will spread to brokers and exchanges across Canada as a convenient way for Canadians to invest their savings regularly.

The Toronto Stock Exchange, for one, isn't enthusiastic. "We don't want to knock the plan publicly," says Lt.-

Gen. H. D. Graham, president of the TSE, "but frankly we don't think anyone should be able to buy stock by paying 20% down."

Other TSE objections: The installment buyer pays the market price when he buys. If his stock goes up while he's paying off, he's made a good bargain. If it goes down, he'll have paid more than the stock is worth by the time of the final investment. Moreover, interest on the unpaid balance is almost certain to total more than the stock dividend. (Most good stocks pay less than 5%, many less than 4%.)

The Financial Post is an even harsher critic. It recently described the plan as "profoundly disturbing," and warned that it "invites trouble and disillusionment" for brokers and investors by harking back to the high-flying margin buying of the '20s, when buyers showed themselves unwilling to meet stock pay-

ments once the market took a downward turn.

The MSE points to two safeguards, which it says should protect investor and broker. The first restricts the total sale to \$1,000 at a time. (All buyers must sign a contract with their brokers pledging not to open another account until the present one is paid off.) The second limits the buyer to the 300 or so established, well-behaved securities listed on the MSE.

Like the margin buyer, an MSE installment purchaser can sell his securities before he's finished paying for them. (If he defaults on payments, the broker can, by the same token, sell him out.) "But this isn't the idea," says MSE executive vice-president George Cruickshank. "If anyone starts taking advantage of the plan to make a quick profit, he'll have a great deal of trouble opening another account."

The Toronto exchange's plan is called a "dollar-averaging" policy. It will probably be similar to the New York exchange's monthly investment plan, whereby stock can be bought through fixed monthly payments but the buyer contracts only for the number of shares he is able to pay for at the time.

The crux is that a small investor's monthly payment usually won't buy more than a few shares of a gilt-edged security, an "odd lot," since most industrials trade in board lots of 25 or 100 shares. The MSE says odd-lot trading is relatively easy in New York, where tremendous volume permits some brokers to deal in odd lots only, but would be difficult in Canada.

"Not at all," counters the TSE. "Once the plan gets under way we expect little trouble trading odd lots. Anyway, its safety will more than offset any added nuisance in handling it."—JANE BECKER

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: Does the Macdonald Doctrine apply to the United States?

TWELVE YEARS AGO in another Dominion Day editorial, we printed (for the first time anywhere) a remarkable letter from Sir John A. Macdonald to a friend in Calcutta. Canada's first prime minister was writing from London just after the passage of the British North America Act — "the Act uniting all British North America," as Sir John proudly put it — but his view of Canada's prospect was not optimistic:

"A brilliant future would await us were it not for those wretched Yankees, who hunger and thirst for Naboth's field. War will come some day between England and the United States, and India can do us yeoman service by sending an army of Sikhs, Ghurkas, Beloochis, etc. across the Pacific to San Francisco and holding that beautiful and unusual city and the surrounding California as security for Montreal and Canada."

Our comment then, when first we printed this curious document, was that "it shows how absurd, in retrospect, may be the fears and forebodings of even the wisest and most farsighted of statesmen." Our comment now is a little different. Sir John's apprehensions may still be absurd in the light of history, but some otherwise sensible people in this country almost seem to be sharing them.

On the morrow of the fiasco in Cuba President Kennedy, in a

hasty and perhaps ill-considered speech, proclaimed what was instantly dubbed the Kennedy Doctrine — a warning that the United States might intervene to prevent future Communist take-overs in Latin America. No mention was made of Canada. Next day, an eight-column sweepline in one of our leading newspapers said "KENNEDY DOCTRINE APPLIES TO CANADA." No authority for the statement was given, except what could be inferred from the text of the president's speech.

Trying to get the record straight on this important point we ourselves put the question to the White House (see page 11): does the Kennedy Doctrine apply to Canada or doesn't it? The spoken answer was a flat No. The unspoken answer was equally clear: "Don't be silly." We could sense a rising impatience, and a certain bewilderment, that a supposedly friendly neighbor should leap so far and so fast to the worst possible conclusion that could be inferred from any word or act in Washington.

Of course Canadians ought to be vigilantly independent. Of course we ought to chart our own foreign policy (more than we actually do at times, but that's another story). Of course we ought to say what we think, in honesty and candor. But we can do all these worthy things without becoming a common scold, or a hypochondriacal back-seat driver.

MAILBAG: Some more churchmen stand up to be counted / Tragedy of a doomed child

It did my heart good to read Grace Lane's Hidden victory of our churches (For the sake of argument, June 3). It must have taken some courage to stand up and be counted, especially since it has become rather fashionable to blame religion for everything that is wrong in this world.—J. T. REMPEL, TORONTO.

I am deeply grateful to Grace Lane.—MRS. A. A. LEFORD, SR., OAKVILLE, MAN.

I am proud to be a member of a church that has within its ranks people of the calibre of Mrs. Lane. Grace Lane is not only a credit to her church but now, sir, to your paper. I am grateful for this article and the one to which Grace Lane makes reference (The hidden failure of our churches, by Ralph Allen, Feb. 25). Both generated some thinking and soul searching.—THE REV. BURT CORNUM, KEMPTVILLE, ONT.

Ralph Allen's article did nothing but leave a very bad taste in my mouth for the many undeserved criticisms which Mrs. Lane has now so ably refuted.—J. E. MAILING, TORONTO.

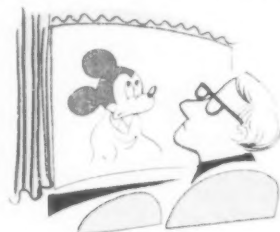
Mrs. Lane's article is quite typical of one who is the wife of the present-day minister, doing what they can for everybody, taking part in all activities outside the church—especially those which conclude with a sumptuous repast. But the church was ordained to do much more than that, and that is why it has failed—simply because Christ is left out of its program and young men, sensing the security of the cloth with its good salary and all the fringe benefits and the added free handouts, are preaching about a Saviour who in some cases they themselves have never accepted and to a congregation who hear what pleases them most. . . . Comparing the majority of churches of today with Bible

teaching one could say: they are simply going through the motions. . . .—JAS. MASON, PICTOU, N.S.

Grace Lane omitted, in her mention of agnostics, hedonists, etc., a milder form of unbeliever. This is the person who says "I never go to church but I'm a better Christian than many who go." These people confuse the word "Christian" with the word "good." The two words are not synonymous. A Christian is one who follows the teachings of Christ. You cannot follow these teachings unless you go to church and find out what they are. . . . And I hope I've stepped on a few toes.—MRS. WENDY JAMES-VITCH, RUTLAND, B.C.

A "frightening" censor

Your profile (Entertainment, June 3) of the chairman of the Ontario Board of Censors of Motion Pictures is frightening. That a man so obviously un-



qualified decides which films may be seen by adults is ludicrous and calls for a revision of the whole system of motion picture censorship.—DAVID THOMAS, RICHMOND HILL, ONT.

Sonya Bixel's "gift"

Congratulations for again giving prominence to the work being done in Canada for mentally retarded children. The personal emphasis given by Mrs. Sonya

Bixel's story (The gift of a doomed child, June 3) will surely underline for many readers, who might otherwise skim past it, the unique importance of the London Research Institute. . . . Please keep it up, and help to bring about the day toward which all our efforts are directed: when the cost and responsibility of educating and caring for the mentally retarded is taken up by those who should rightfully bear it: the provincial governments.—ANN V. SMITH, OTTAWA.

Sonya Bixel was indeed fortunate—not for the reasons she mentions, but 1) because she looked after Karen for such a short time (less than two years), and 2) because she had the assistance of her mother and others in looking after Karen. Hundreds of mothers of retarded children have no help whatever, except their husbands. In other provinces there may be a wait of 3, 4, or even 5 years before retarded children can be accepted in institutions. In B.C. last year there were over 600 on the waiting list at Woodlands School, the only such institution in the province. Mrs. Bixel had only begun to realize the difficulties and heartbreak facing parents of retarded children when Karen was taken from her. Although facing and coping with these problems for an extended period of time no doubt develops such qualities as patience and perseverance, a retarded child can hardly be termed a "blessing in disguise." It is a tragedy to all concerned.

For obvious reasons, Maclean's here breaks its rule about withholding the names of letter writers.

Customs of the border guards

W. O. Mitchell's experience with his banana plants and inspection officials is not exceptional. One of their fancy

tricks is to open for inspection, allow all the enclosed moisture in the packing to get nicely dried out, then rewrap the



parcel without adding any more moisture and send it on its way today or next week. A valuable shipment to me from Saskatoon, "via Estevan for inspection," reached me five weeks after shipment—all dead, of course. Another time, I asked Plant Protection, Ottawa, for a permit to import a new gooseberry from Minnesota. They replied that it could not be sent till I "advised whether I wanted the gooseberry for fruit bearing or for ornamental purposes." The delay meant I couldn't import the gooseberry till the next year.—A. B. SMITH, CRANBROOK, B.C.

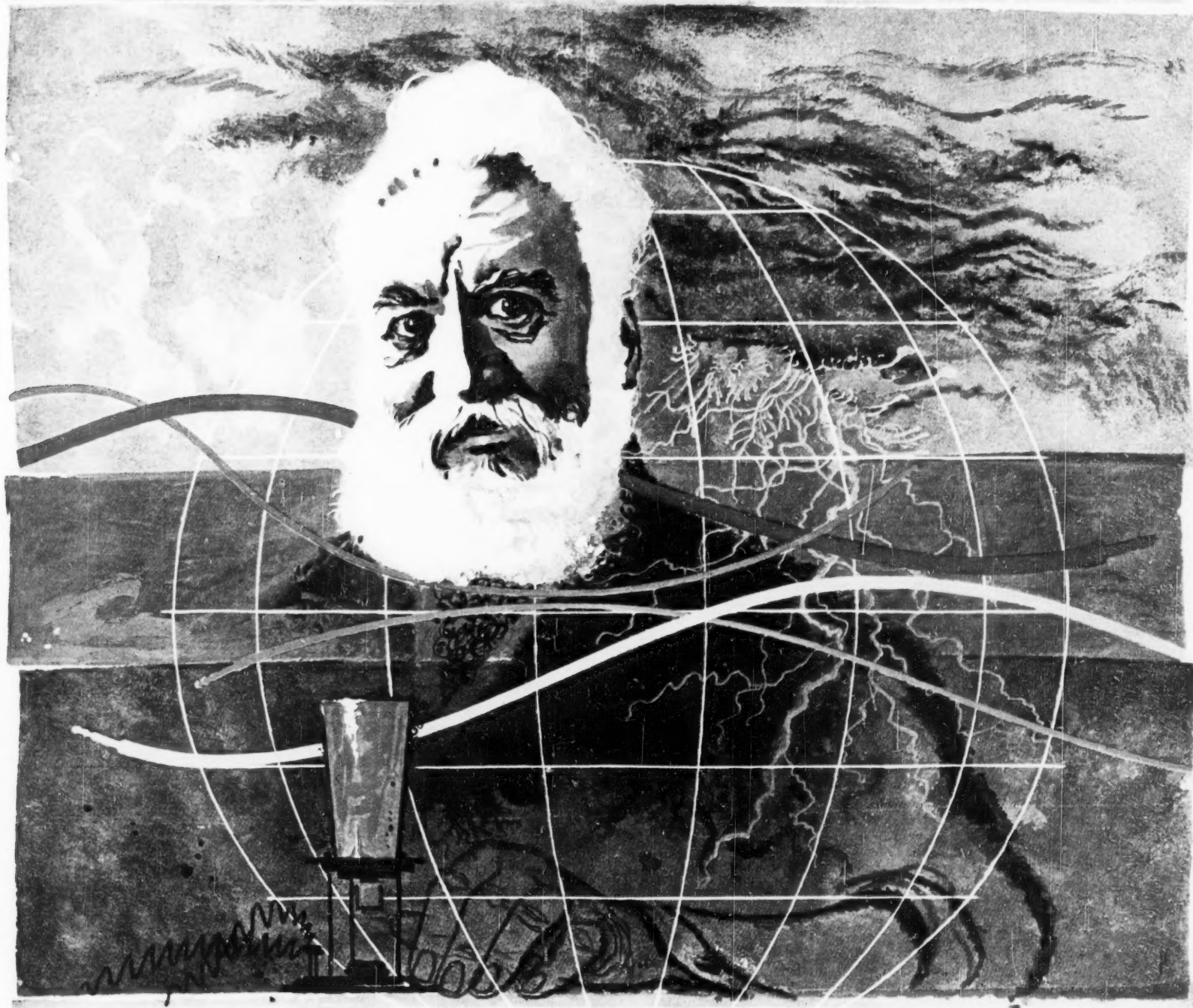
Fighting the Communists

Your June 3 editorial (Anti-Communist manifesto: Four ways not to fight the Reds) is both excellent and timely. A reasonable and intelligent exposition of communism in both our schools and newspapers is the only way in which we can keep communism in the correct perspective.—RICHARD RYAN, MONTREAL.

Our enemy is not communism, an abstract idea, but Russian Imperialism under cover of an international idea of communism.—Y. ONYSCHUCK, TORONTO.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 6

PEOPLE MAKE THE DIFFERENCE...



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

Above all, he was a humanitarian. Skilled in the schooling of those with speech and hearing defects, his preoccupation with the human voice and its transmission led him into the mysterious world of electricity and ultimately to the invention of the telephone.

Heralded as one of the greatest visionaries in history, Alexander Graham Bell . . . teacher, scientist and inventor . . . was consumed by an insatiable curiosity and an intense desire to find "a better way". Even though his course was constantly strewn with the obstacles of ridicule and public scepticism, his youth, enthusiasm

and a deep understanding of the needs of his fellow man cleared his path to one of the world's most significant inventions.

The life and deeds of Alexander Graham Bell serve well to graphically illustrate one great, yet simple, truth. In any age . . . past or future . . . the efforts of people . . . individual men and women . . . make the significant difference. This is our philosophy at "The Bank". We are proud of our personnel and consider them to be our greatest asset. That is why we can say with conviction that *people make the difference at The Toronto-Dominion Bank.*

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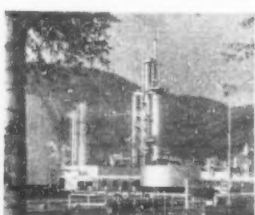
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MACLEAN'S

VOLUME 74 July 1, 1961 NUMBER 13

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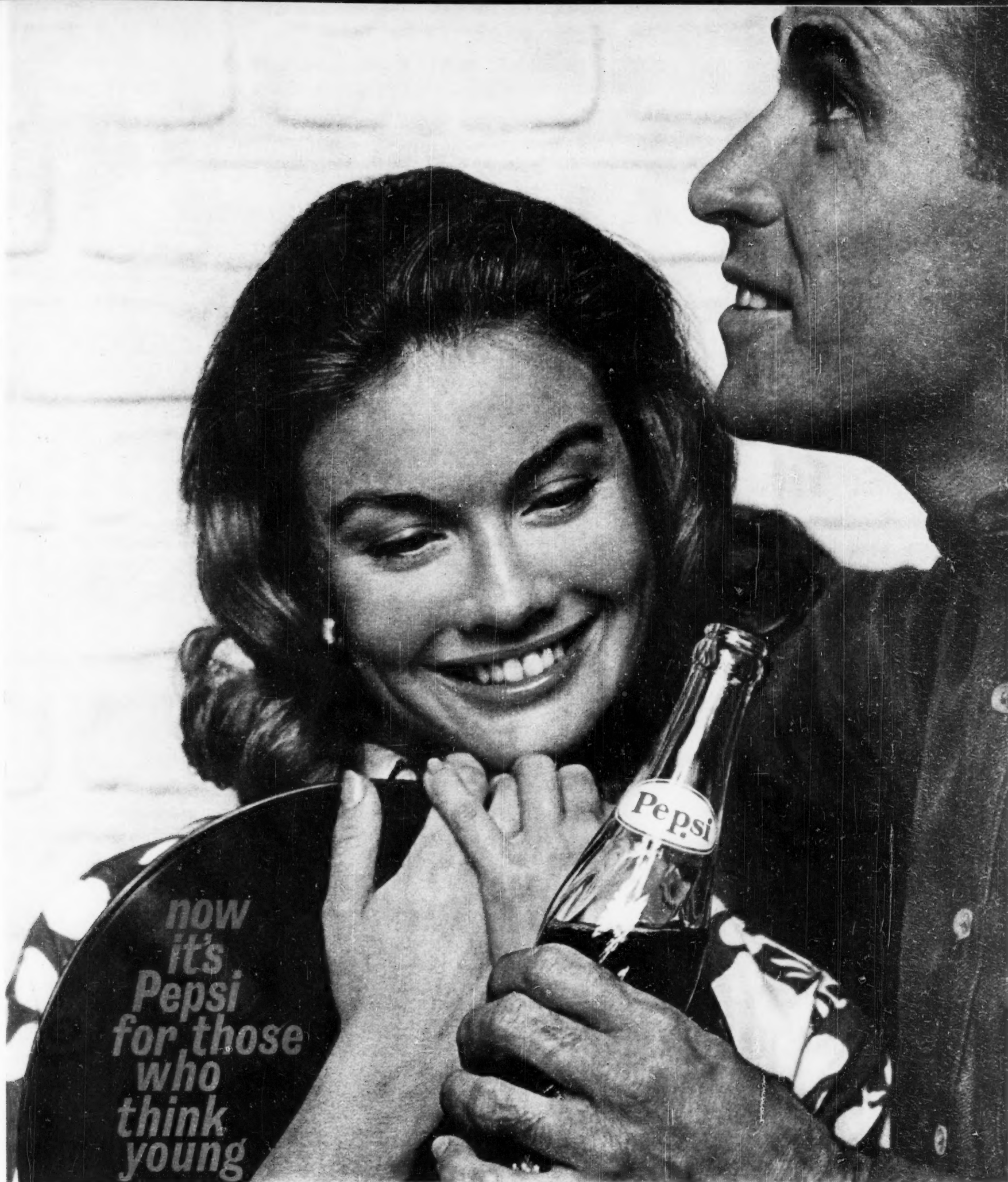
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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

LE MAGAZINE MACLEAN

MAILBAG continued from page 2

More memories of the memorable Sir Sam Hughes The election facts about one riding in Quebec

I am following with great interest the accurate and unexpurgated life of Sir Sam Hughes by Ralph Allen (This lifetime in Canada, Parts 1 and 2, May 20 and June 3). I had the privilege of serving with the CEF from August 1914 till 1919 and I remember only too well the month of September, which I spent at Valcartier as a sapper in the 2nd Field Company of Toronto. Gen. Hughes managed to insult one of our junior officers in front of his own men while we were parading in a careless way while suffering a hangover from our second shot of anti-typhoid serum. Our well-bred commanding officer, Capt. "Tommy" Irving, raised the roof a day later at Army Headquarters about it. . . . At Valcartier our company was built up to a strength of about 240, which included our mounted section of about 50 drivers. These drivers soon developed a great interest in the light draught horses, which included a few teams of sturdy fast-stepping chestnuts . . . a gift from the Toronto Fire Department, courtesy of Mayor Tommy Church. They were the finest draught horses I have ever seen. During the embarkation at Quebec, thanks to Gen. Hughes, our mounted men were taken from their horses and these animals were shipped on a fairly small freighter on which their guardians suffered so from seasickness that the starved and neglected animals in their stalls bit deeply into each other's necks. We heard that many of our horses died on the transport and we never saw the Toronto fire horses again. . . . Gen. Hughes did us one good turn in November 1914 when he refused to feed the men of the CEF into the British Army as local reinforcements and thus kill all Canadian recruiting. . . . — A. C. O'LEARY, MCMASTERVILLE, QUE.

I recall an incident before the Boer War when I was a small boy. It was at Barriefield Camp after a church parade. Sam Hughes was mounted and leading his infantry regiment up the hot dusty road to the higher ground. The men were tired and lagged behind the regiment in front. Sam stood up in his stirrups, turned around, waved them on with a flow of language that I never heard before or since. I think now that that is where the foundation was laid for my own cussing vocabulary. Please do not consider this derogatory to Sir Sam as he was a good friend of my father, the late Major John G. Hagerman of the 3rd Prince of Wales Canadian Dragoons. — FRED G. HAGERMAN, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

I crossed to France with C Company 20th Battalion CEF in 1915. We used to sing when we were marching to the P & O trenches from La Clytte in Belgium, during the winter of 1915-16:

*We are Sam Hughes's army
We are Sam Hughes's pets
We cannot shoot, we cannot fight
What goddamned use are we?
And when we get to Germany,
What will the Kaiser say?
Hock Hock von Kluck, what bloody
fine luck,
Sam Hughes's infantry.*

The tune was that of The Church's One Foundation. — B. ASQUITH, PORT CARLING, ONT.

I was at Valcartier when the first contingent was reviewed by the Duke of Connaught and remember that, when the first troops neared the saluting base, Sir Sam, who had been some yards to the rear of the Duke, edged his horse forward until he was on a level with the Governor-General. My memory, although after nearly 47 years it may



be faulty, tells me that Sir Sam later put himself at the head of the parade. — KENDALL MCNEIL, OTTAWA.

The record in Quebec

I have been the Member of the Quebec Legislative Assembly for Chicoutimi since 1938; I am at the present leader of the Opposition in the Legislative Assembly of Quebec and also the National Union Party leader. In Maclean's of April 22, you published an article entitled French Revolution, Quebec 1961, signed by Peter C. Newman. I refer you to the following excerpt which appears on page 84:

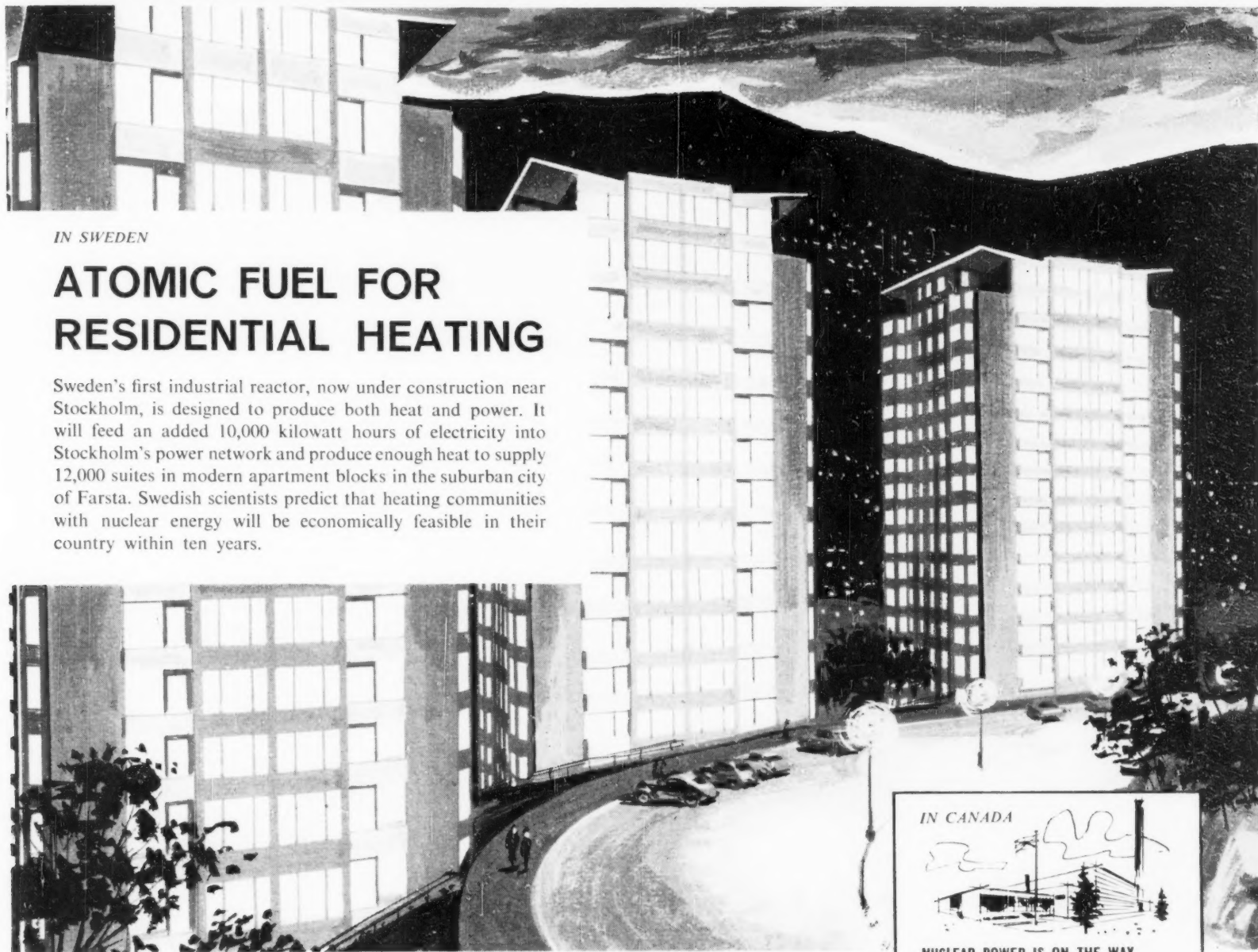
"Probably the most astonishing aspect of his narrow victory over the powerful Union Nationale was that Lesage managed to beat the ballot-stuffing tactics of his opponents. The official report of the voting shows that the UN won eleven of the twelve polls in which there were more valid ballots than eligible voters. The summary issued by Quebec's Chief Electoral Officer calmly lists such oddities as polling station 114 in Chicoutimi, where 162 eligible electors are shown, but 224 'valid' ballots were counted."

In writing this, your editor appears to have obtained this information from the report on the general election of 1960 published by the Queen's Printer, Quebec 1960. Your article caused me to inquire into the so-called illegality which you denounced. Here are the results of this inquiry:

Polling station 114 in Chicoutimi as mentioned in your article is really polling-subdivision 114-U in Bagotville, county of Chicoutimi. In this polling-subdivision, according to the Official Electoral List, there were 220 electors inscribed and upon revision of this list, performed in accordance with the Quebec Election Act, an additional number of 25 was added bringing the number of electors in this polling-subdivision to 245.

In this polling-subdivision I obtained 120 votes, my opponent, Mr. Rosaire Gauthier, obtained 104; two votes were declared void, making a total of 226 and leaving 19 persons who did not vote. Consequently, it was by error that the report on the General Election mentioned 162 registered electors, whereas the correct number was 245. I have the official electoral list on hand which proves the facts I advance. — ANTONIO TALBOT, Q.C., QUEBEC CITY. ★

INCO DEVELOPS WORLD MARKETS FOR NICKEL



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Sweden's first industrial reactor, now under construction near Stockholm, is designed to produce both heat and power. It will feed an added 10,000 kilowatt hours of electricity into Stockholm's power network and produce enough heat to supply 12,000 suites in modern apartment blocks in the suburban city of Farsta. Swedish scientists predict that heating communities with nuclear energy will be economically feasible in their country within ten years.

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Nickel and nickel alloys have properties that are essential to the production of atomic power. Special alloys developed through Inco research are used in nuclear power plants to withstand extreme pressures, corrosion and intense heat in pipe lines, pumps, condensers, heat exchangers and fuel tanks.

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Canada is the world's largest producer of nickel. And Inco, through sales, research and market development operations, maintains a continuing program for the expansion of international markets for Inco nickel.

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The *N. S. Savannah*, world's first nuclear-powered merchant ship, depends on nickel stainless steel for corrosion and heat resistance in its power plant.

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World's first large-scale nuclear power station went into operation at Calder Hall, England, in 1956.



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A trip to Hawaii, a world cruise, or a college education—the best way to save for any of your long-range dreams is with The Bank of Nova Scotia's Personal Security Program. PSP is exclusive with Scotiabank, and it's the only plan that puts saving on the same organized basis as your program of instalment payments for your automobile, furniture, or anything else you might buy on an instalment plan. PSP works like this: You select a goal (anywhere between \$100 and \$2,500) which you reach in fifty equal payments. As you save, you're life-insured for the full amount of your goal. When you reach your goal, you collect all you've saved, *plus* a cash bonus. Ask for details on PSP at your nearest branch of The Bank of Nova Scotia.

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The Rev. Ray Goodall is a United Church minister in New Westminster, B.C.



FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

REV. RAY GOODALL SAYS

Let's disqualify adultery as grounds for divorce

IN THE HISTORY of marriage the commonest ground for divorce has been adultery — in most provinces of Canada it is the only ground. For the sake of argument I would like to suggest that we refuse to accept adultery as a ground for divorce at all.

As a Christian minister, often called upon as a kind of unofficial marriage counsellor, I am convinced that our obsession with sexual fidelity (or infidelity) does vastly more harm than good. Presumably its purpose is to protect the institution of marriage, the home and the family. I believe it wrecks more than it protects.

Of course, like any other sensible man, I'd prefer that every marriage be characterized by lifelong mutual fidelity, mutual love, mutual trust, the atmosphere of loving kindness and security in which children can grow up happy and spiritually strong. This is the ideal. Unfortunately not all marriages can achieve it, and many fall so far short as to be a mockery of it.

Happy marriage can be destroyed by many things of which the commonest, I would say, is simple selfishness and lack of kindness. Husbands and wives can be spiteful, cruel, cold and even false to each other (in all ways but one) and still remain bound together in something that can hardly be called holy matrimony. All this our society tolerates, and in many cases insists upon against the wishes of the people concerned. They accepted each other, we say smugly, for better or for worse. Yet the moment that the "worse" includes sexual infidelity by either party, we are willing to break up a home that is often, in my observation, still fundamentally sound.

"I don't see why I shouldn't make love to another woman occasionally," one man said to me. "After all, it doesn't make me love my wife any the less. In fact it makes me appreciate her all the more."

Yes, it was a man who said that, but I have heard similar comments from women, although as a rule women are much less inclined than men to seek variety in sexual relationships. This is not because women are any more "moral" than men but simply because they are not sexually stirred by nearly so many stimuli as men.

Various studies have been made of behavior in different social groups, and there are indications that in some groups extramarital intercourse is carried on without seriously disturbing affection between the spouses. Indeed some people have histories of discreet extramarital relations extending over many years and, as far as can be determined from the researches of Kinsey and others, these relations have

not adversely affected the marriages. However, if the infidelities have been discovered, more often than not the other partner has filed suit for divorce. It is not the adultery itself that disrupts the marriage, but rather the individual and social attitude toward adultery.

Social condemnation of adultery is of course rooted in our social and religious history. I suppose one of the oldest games in the world has been "hunt your neighbor's wife." It has also tended to be one of the most dangerous. In the early days an offender could be thankful if he escaped with a fine. Usually the penalty was much more severe — flogging, ears cut off, one eye destroyed, legs speared, to mention but a few. Death for the adulterer and adulteress was quite common too. Even as late as 1563 "notorious and manifest adultery" was a capital offense in Scotland. And today in the United States there are a number of states that may impose prison terms for adultery.

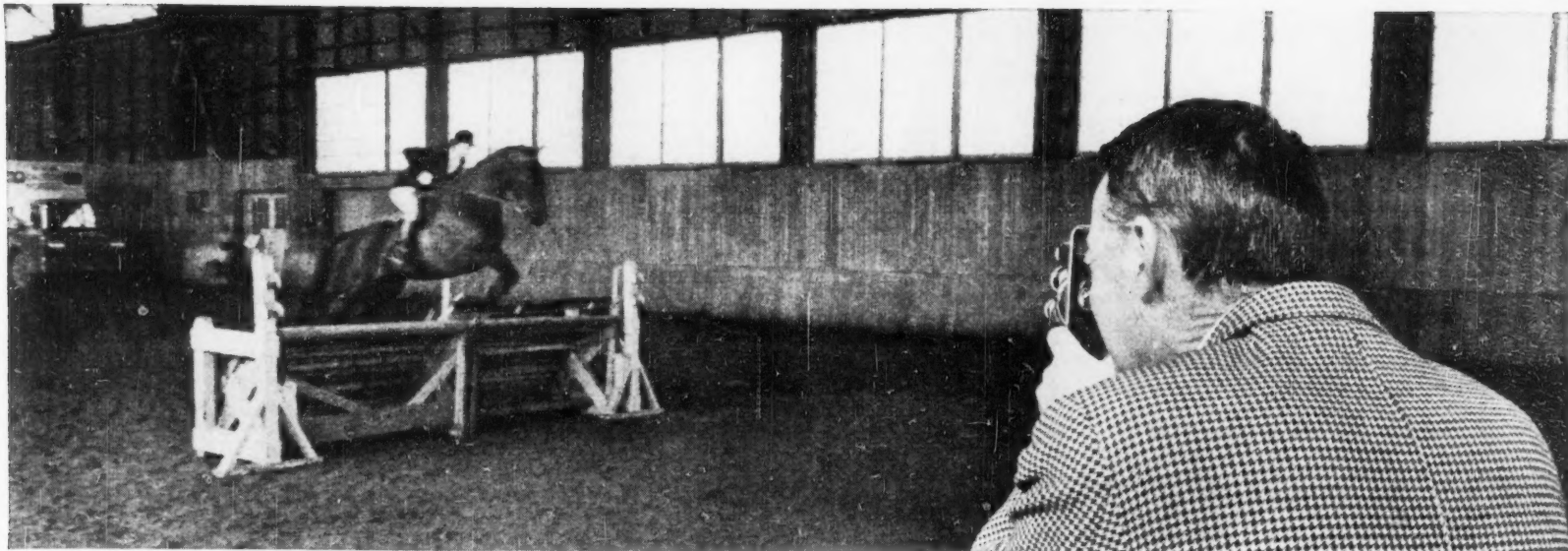
Where did these barbarous sanctions spring from? Why? Simply man's desire to protect his own property — and wives were property. And who formulated these rules? The ones who had most to lose. The ones whose property investment in wives was greatest; the elders of the tribe.

Now these anti-adultery rules made the hunting all the more fun. Men have always loved the spice of danger, and there's joy in breaking a rule. It makes you feel you've got "one up" on authority. It boosts your morale.

And so, in order to try to make these rules more effective, the elders invoked divine sanction — "Thou shalt not commit adultery." This was given as the command of God. In reality it was a sanction introduced to frighten the younger men and women into good behavior. It superimposed a "moral" element on the possessive property concept.

In earlier times adultery was not regarded as an offense against the person of the woman concerned. Nor was it considered an offense against the marriage state, nor even an offense against God. It was a crime of property, an act of defrauding either a father or a husband.

The whole concept was bound up with an attitude of gross possessiveness, an attitude that is of course basic in human life. We are possessive. We like to cling to what is ours. In the realm of sex relationships this possessiveness reveals itself as jealousy. As one of the characters in a recent Canadian novel remarks: "We all wish to be loved alone." The song "Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me" CONTINUED ON PAGE 37



In an indoor riding ring, a Bolex owner takes action movies in colour, the supreme test of a great 8-mm camera and lens.

Now you can make movies indoors without lights, if you wish, with Bolex, the world's most precise 8-mm camera

The Bolex D8L is not a "point-and-shoot" confection. It is a precision instrument for the man who takes photography seriously. It produces close-ups equal to those made with many 16-mm cameras. Its variable shutter, unique light-measuring system, choice of lenses, and its battery of more than 200 accessories make you a completely versatile photographer.

WHETHER you wish to photograph the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, catch a careening sports car on a curve, or immortalize a nuptial celebration, it's child play for the talented Bolex D8L.

You can attach your Bolex to a microscope and record bacteria at play. With the telephoto lens you can pry into the lives of wary bird life. With the super-fast Switar lens (f 0.9, 13-mm) and the new fast colour films, you can even take pictures indoors, without self-conscious flood lights.

Tested 60 times for accuracy

The D8L has over 400 parts, all hand assembled by people trained to work within tolerances of one ten-thousandth of an inch.

The camera undergoes 60 different tests for accuracy. In fact, more than half the craftsman-hours that go into a Bolex are spent testing for precision.

Lenses neither "cool nor warm"

You will often hear of "cool" and "warm" lenses. This means that they do not reproduce colour faithfully. Bolex lenses are as nearly "neutral" as has yet been achieved. In a recent comparative test of new colour films made by *Popular Photography*, two Bolex D8L's were used.

There are thirteen different lenses for the 8-mm Bolex. Each is a complete, self-contained lens. Many three-lens cameras have one basic

lens with two converters, a compromise that saves money but costs you dear in picture quality. Among the Bolex lenses is an extreme wide-angle (5.5-mm, f/1.8) that can take in a whole birthday party without moving. There are 6 different "normal" lenses at a variety of prices. And the 36-mm, f/1.8 telephoto lens is as sharp wide open as most similar lenses are at their optimum settings.

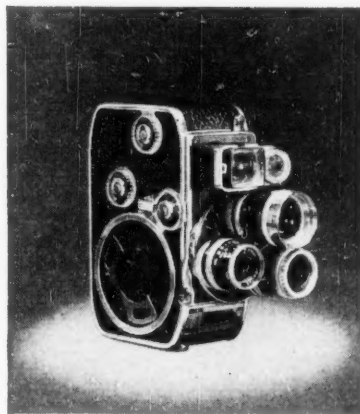
1/1,000 of an inch too much

Next to the lens in importance is the mechanism that carries the film behind the shutter. A variation of one thousandth of an inch in the mechanism that positions the film will show up on the screen as a jump of one quarter of an inch.

More precision: a constant shutter speed is essential. Some cameras run fast when they're wound tight, slow down as they unwind. The Swiss motor in the Bolex has a miniature governor that rules camera speed from first frame to last.

Easy to use, but versatile

You can take pictures right away with your Bolex. (The instruction book itself is a masterpiece of lucidity.) But an irresistible array of devices can be brought into play to put variety in your movies. The D8L has seven filming speeds. Using 12 frames per second, you can make your family perform Mack Sennett antics. At 64 frames per second, you have real slow motion that you can use to analyse a golf swing or a figure skating stance.



The Bolex D8L, with 3 interchangeable lenses, costs \$290. With one lens (add others at your leisure) it is \$164.50. Other Bolex 8-mm cameras, from \$124.50.

With the amazing single framing device (one picture at a time) you are the complete master of time. You can condense the blooming of a daffodil into a few seconds, make furniture move uncannily about the room, produce animated cartoons.

Every eventuality is considered. If you wear glasses, an attachment corrects the viewfinder for your vision. Loading the film is as easy as a box camera. And a thoughtful safety device won't let you close the camera while the film gate is open.

No "planned obsolescence"

"Planned obsolescence" has not caught up to the Bolex people. They have pioneered some of the great new ideas in 8-mm cameras. Each of these improvements has been added without altering the basic Bolex design. Today, each innovation can be added to any Bolex 8-mm bought since 1953.

The most recent Bolex invention is an ingenious light meter that actually looks out through the lens to

measure the exact light it sees, whatever the lens, normal, telephoto or wide-angle. It even makes its own corrections for filters.

Another first: in 1958, Bolex dazzled photographers with an exclusive variable shutter. You can now begin and end scenes with smooth, professional "fades" as easily as turning down the volume on a radio.

More than 200 accessories

With the 200-odd Bolex accessories, you become the "complete cameraman".

Even when they introduced a "zoom" lens, the Bolex designers made it as an accessory to fit any Bolex camera. It was the first variable focus lens that delivered a truly sharp image. The newest f/1.9 version of the Pan-Cinor slides through all focal lengths from a wide-angle (8-mm) to telephoto (40-mm). You can zoom from a picture of a whole football team to a single player.

The right projector essential

The Bolex D8L working in co-operation with a Bolex projector can give you pictures on the screen as clear as many 16-mm cameras. Indeed, Bolex 8-mm equipment is used to produce low cost sales training films and educational films.

If you do not know the name of a dealer near you, fill in and mail this coupon:

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Please send me the name of a Bolex dealer near me	(Please check) <input type="checkbox"/>
Please send 18 page Bolex catalogue of cameras and accessories	(Please check) <input type="checkbox"/>
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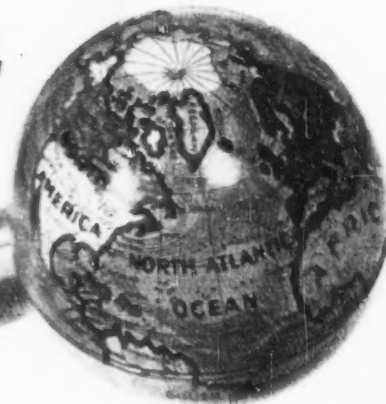
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Special First-Fourth of July album

PRESIDENTIAL PARTY

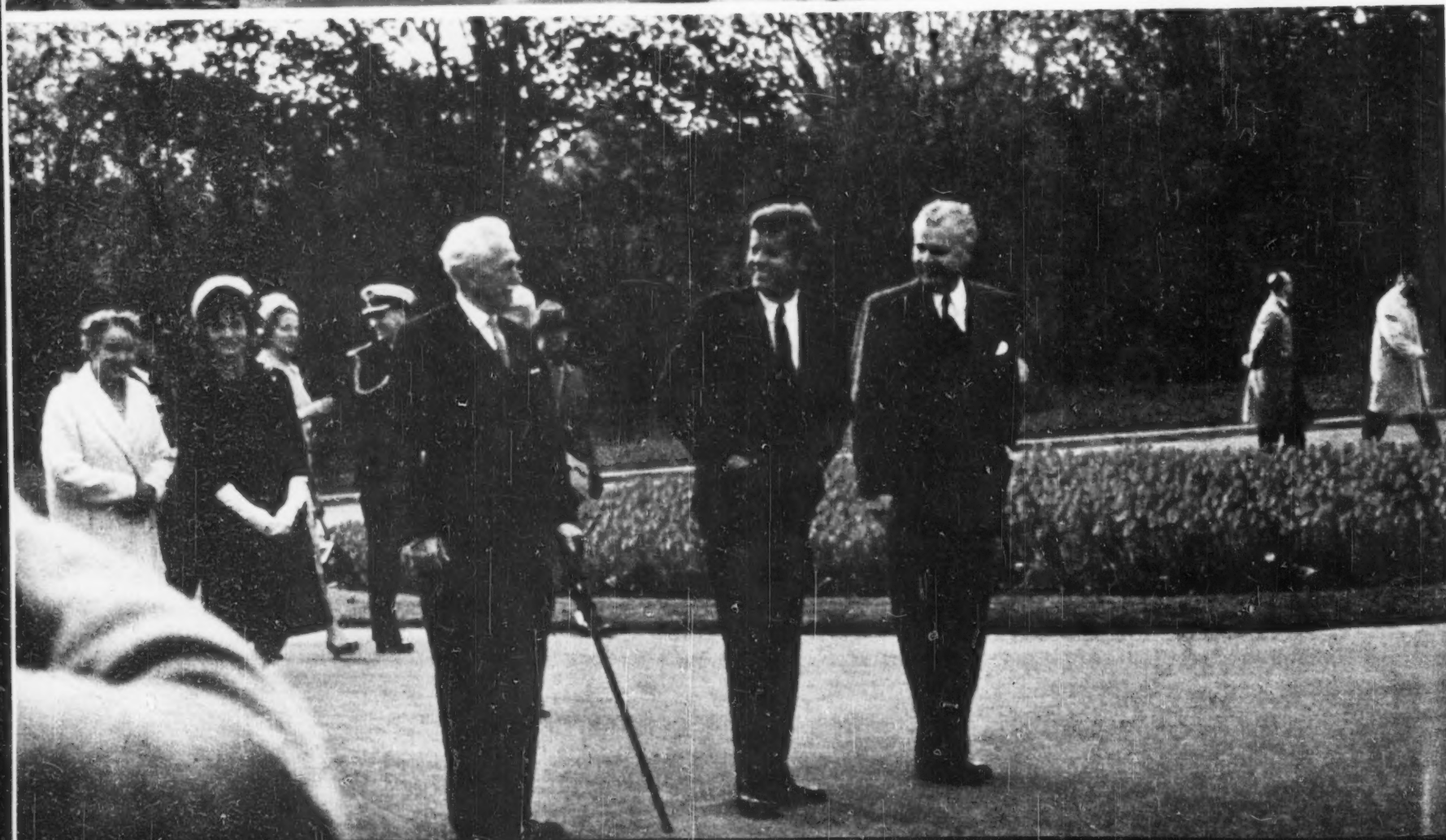
A camera's account of the 43 hours when, for the first time, the pomp of state and the sparkle of glamor both came to Parliament Hill in the same party

Photographed by Don Newlands

WHAT JOHN F. KENNEDY said in the capital of Canada last May was pretty well lost in the joyful hubbub about how he—and more particularly his wife—looked. He looked young, strong, and easy to know; she looked *grrreat!* Well, for anyone who wasn't there, the photographs in this album have almost as much charm as the Kennedys in person, although in Jacqueline's case there is more to see than a camera will ever catch. But even for anyone who was there, what the president said in Ottawa left unexplained what he had said in Washington a week or so earlier.

At that time, goaded by the failure of the so-called Cuban invasion, he said "... if the nations of this hemisphere should fail to meet their commitments against outside Communist penetration — then I want it clearly understood that this government will not hesitate in meeting its primary obligations, which are to the security of our own nation." The newspapers named this statement the Kennedy Doctrine; many Canadian newspapers announced, more or less on their own authority, that Mr. Kennedy was giving himself a license to move into Canada if he ever had reason to think we were falling under Communist influence.

Continued overleaf





PRESIDENTIAL PARTY *continued*

The alarm went up, but when Mr. Kennedy was in Canada the alarm was not mentioned. When the Kennedys were back home, Maclean's asked the White House about the doctrine and got two answers.

Answer one is verbal footwork: By "the nations of this hemisphere," the White House says, the president doesn't mean the nations of this hemisphere at all; he merely means the member nations of the Organization of American States. Since Canada isn't a member of the OAS, naturally the doctrine doesn't apply to us. (The White House didn't comment when Maclean's pointed out that in Ottawa Kennedy had eloquently urged Canada to *join* OAS.)

Answer two is common sense: Whether Canada is a member of the OAS or not, the White House said, nobody believes for a moment that we could fall under a form of government intolerable to the U. S. except by invasion. In that case the U. S. would invade us too, but to liberate us.

While Maclean's Washington editor was talking to the White House, Maclean's photo editor was assembling his camera report on the presidential party in Canada. The pictures that give the freshest account of how the animated, easy-to-know Kennedys got along with their Canadian hosts appear here. Among the pictures that *don't* appear here is one of the Cadillac-load of Secret Service men who accompanied the party everywhere. This special car, brought here from Washington, had a back-seat cache of machine guns, hand grenades and pistols. Despite these and other precautions an emergency did occur. When he went to bed in the royal suite of Government House the first night, Kennedy found that his pillows were made of down, to which he is allergic. A Dacron substitute was rushed in from a U. S. embassy official's home.

The few top Ottawa officials who participated in talks with Kennedy reported that he was brilliantly briefed on Canadian affairs, if not on our weather. Although he's been known to walk around Washington in a suit in January, he turned up in Ottawa in May with a thick overcoat. ★





James Coyne and the great debate IS CANADA POSSIBLE?

Few Canadians have been attacked as bitterly and from as many quarters as the governor of the Bank of Canada in 1961. Yet Coyne himself is little known, and his reasons for wanting to make his tight-money policies even tighter are little understood. Maclean's Ottawa editor reports here on the man and his conviction: that Canadians must either reduce their scale of living or forfeit the right to remain an independent people

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

FOR THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS of its existence the Bank of Canada, the Crown-owned central bank that dominates Canadian finance, was a tower of silence. Its governor, an official appointed by the government for seven-year terms but not directly responsible to any cabinet minister, was a grey eminence seldom seen, even more seldom heard, and always a monument of prudence and restraint.

Outwardly the present governor of the Bank of Canada, James Elliott Coyne, fits the traditional pattern exactly. At fifty-one he is a coldly handsome, elegantly reserved patrician whose staff once discussed, before a Bank of Canada Christmas party, the wisdom of presenting him with an icicle bound in blue ribbon. (The idea was reluctantly abandoned, as apt but incautious.)

Yet this unlikely figure has become, over the past few years and especially the past few months, the centre of the hottest political arguments since the pipeline debate of 1956. Instead of being a remote and cloistered oracle, Coyne has blossomed

into the most willing of public speakers (thirteen speeches in the last eighteen months, to audiences from Vancouver to St. John's). And his speeches, far from the conventional official model of dull discretion, have been firecrackers of controversy.

Businessman W. E. Williams, president of Procter & Gamble Company of Canada, said about Coyne in a recent public speech: "I'm not saying he's a nut, but he's the most illogical person I've ever run into." Twenty-nine university economists, or about a third of all the academics in the field in Canada, last year signed a round-robin letter to the minister of finance, Donald Fleming, urging that he fire Coyne for incompetence and irresponsibility.

Fleming himself, challenged in the House of Commons to defend some of Coyne's recent utterances, sent for a basin in which to wash his hands. "I trust," he said in a tone of injured innocence, "that I am not to be held responsible for what is said by the governor of the Bank of Canada."

So far, the Coyne controversy has been limited to relatively few

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

WHAT THE MUSIC MONOPOLY DOES TO— AND SOMETIMES FOR—YOUNG CANADIANS

A FURTHER REPORT ON AMERICAN OWNERSHIP

Two U. S. talent agencies sell prepaid pre-packaged concerts to 200 Canadian cities and towns. Here is why a near-monopoly that has created a paying audience for some Canadian musicians is accused of denying others a hearing in their own land

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

WHILE EVERYBODY KNOWS that Americans own fifty-one percent of Canada's manufacturing industry, only a handful of angry music lovers realize that two New York agencies control eighty percent of the concert business in this country.

The agencies are Columbia Artists Management Inc. and National Concert Artists Corporation. Both thrive on a modern cultural phenomenon known as the organized-audience movement. This movement creates captive audiences by selling tickets for a series of concerts in the form of club subscriptions.

In hundreds of small towns between the Atlantic and the Pacific, Columbia or National harvests guaranteed profits by taking double commissions on artists' fees and by persuading unpaid local citizens to do the work that used to be done by the old, risk-taking impresarios.

The well-meaning small-town inhabitants who give their services to Columbia and National in the belief that they are cherishing music in Canada are members of organized audience groups called Community Concert Associations, Civic Music Associations and Overture Concert Associations.

As long ago as 1955 the American organized-audience associations operated by Columbia and National were charged in a United States District Court under anti-trust regulations. The court found that the defendants "combined and conspired in unreasonable restraint of . . . trade and commerce in the management and booking of artists and in the formation and maintenance of organized audience associations and have combined and conspired to monopolize, have attempted to monopolize, and have monopolized said trade and commerce in violation of Sections 1 and 2 of the Sherman Act."

MUSICAL TRAINING AND SCHOLARSHIPS GO TO WASTE

Since the conviction Columbia and National have been ordered to refrain from limiting their organized audiences in the United States to artists under their own management. In theory they now permit those organized audiences to engage, when they want to, artists under independent managements. In practice the new policy does not work out, especially in Canada where U.S. laws do not apply anyway. Four out of five soloists appearing before Canadian organized audiences are managed by Columbia or National, and most of the remainder by New York independents.

In consequence:

Canadian artists cannot build a reputation or earn a living in their own country unless they belong to that handful that is managed by Columbia or National. They cannot get a hearing on the organized-audience circuits and they cannot afford the traveling expenses to independent engagements in widely separated towns and cities.

The excellent music colleges, the abundance of music scholarships, and the generosity of government grants to postgraduate students could make Canada one of the world's leading musical nations. But the value of all these amenities is wasted through the inability of the concert

artists to break into the Columbia-National networks once their education is finished.

Local impresarios who used to uncover much new talent by gambling on the presentation of unknown artists and the playing of new compositions are being driven out of business by the sure-fire riskless methods of the Columbia-National axis. Only four impresarios of stature remain in Canada, and these limit their operations to Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal.

In trying to reach maximum audiences, Columbia and National often encourage the playing of schmaltzy programs, thus lowering the general standard of musical taste. This pandering to the lowest brows in the highbrow field prompts concert artists to nickname the organized audiences "the Ave Maria circuits" and "the Danny Boy loops."

Columbia and National hold a near-monopoly of Canadian concert stages for these reasons:

Columbia Artists Management of New York owns Community Concerts Inc. of New York, which has founded and fostered in small U. S. towns about one thousand Community Concert Associations. Community Concerts Inc. of New York owns Community Concerts of Canada Ltd., an Ottawa-based subsidiary that runs—in the small towns of the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia—about a hundred Community Concert Associations.

IN THEORY, THEY CAN ENGAGE ANY ARTIST THEY LIKE

National Concert Artists Corporation owns Civic Concert Service Inc., which runs in American small towns between four and five hundred Civic Music Associations. In Canada there are only two Civic Music Associations, one in Courtenay and the other in Abbotsford, British Columbia.

Both Columbia and National, however, receive bookings for their artists throughout western Canada from Overture Concert Associations, which operates in some sixty towns between the Manitoba-Ontario border and the Pacific.

Overture Concert Associations is owned by George Zukerman, a Vancouver bassoonist. Since 1955, Zukerman has built up Overture Concert Associations by methods similar to those Columbia and National employed in the development of Community Concert Associations and Civic Music Associations. In other words, in western Canada, Zukerman has beaten Columbia and National at their own game. But Zukerman, because he does not also manage artists, remains heavily dependent upon Columbia and National for talent. In the list of three hundred artists he is offering to his Overture Concert Associations for the 1961-62 season, one hundred and eighteen are managed by Columbia and forty-eight by National. Nearly all the remainder of Zukerman's artists are managed by such New York independents as Sol Hurok, Herbert Barrett and Kenneth Allen.

Although Community Concert Associations are in theory free to engage any artist they like, they engage in practice a preponderance of Columbia artists. Overture Concert Associations are equally free to engage any artist they like, but in fact they engage a majority of their artists from Columbia and National.

The artists the New York managers send to Community, Civic and Overture concerts are already established and in a position to demand big fees. The percentage of Canadian artists in this elite is reasonable in relation to Canada's population. But by going on Community, Civic and Overture small-town circuits, these Canadian top-liners help to mop up the money that used to be available to artists who were trying to make a name.

Although several Canadians have tried to establish themselves as managers of Canadian concert artists, only one has succeeded financially. He is Walter Homburger of Toronto, who

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



STEFAN

MORDECAI RICHLER:

**THE MAN WHO
GOT EVERYTHING
BY SENDING
AWAY FOR IT**

"Another question which must be settled at this time concerns the size of the kisser's mouth. Where the girl's mouth is the tiny, rosebud type, then one need not worry about what to do. However, there are many girls whose lips are broad and generous, whose lips are on the order of Joan Crawford's, for instance. The technique in kissing such lips is different."

THE ABOVE QUOTE is from THE ART OF KISSING by Hugh Morris, who is also the author of HOW TO MAKE LOVE and MODERN LOVE LETTERS. I got Mr. Morris's three books by answering an advertisement in MONTREAL MIDNIGHT. In fact, for some time now, I have been answering the ads that appear in the back pages of publications like HUSH, FLASH, SALESMAN'S OPPORTUNITY, ARGOSY, and UNCENSORED, and day after day the postman has come to the door with the promised plain brown envelopes.

There have been some disappointments. I rushed \$1.98 to Dorell Products for Honeymoon Love Drops ("bewitch, allure, and captivate with this rare stimulating fragrance") only to be informed that the company had gone out of business. But I have been let in on some secrets. I now know, for instance, that I can earn \$3,000 a year growing fish worms part-time in my back yard. An actors' school in New York has assured me, "There's a NEW STAR on the horizon . . . YOU!" (enrollment fee, \$15). The Creative Prayer Institute in California ("deals directly with the universal mind") will pray for me for six months as soon as I fill in my prayer treatment card, and for only seventy-five cents I have already become a vice-president of the Famous Monsters Club.

By and large, the ads I answered fall into two broad categories: sex and success. Being of that turn of mind, I'll deal with the sex material first.

In MODERN LOVE LETTERS, Hugh Morris advises, "never send a love message on a postcard" and "never write a love letter on stationery with the firm's name on it; it isn't good taste." Actually, all three of Mr. Morris's books, first published in 1936, are engagingly prim.

I am indebted to another mail-order house in Toronto for a grand package that includes four sets of party cards, a book of **Thrilling!!! Games**, and an envelope full of **Cuddle Up Honey** pinups. For all this illicit, spicy material I eagerly made out a cheque for \$2 and filled out a coupon assuring the mail-order house that I was over twenty-one. When the stuff finally arrived I found that the wittiest of the **Red Hot Time** Stag Party Cards (*Wow! Here They Are! It Will Put You in a Positive Heaven of Delight With The Prettiest!*) reads:

**I'M A CONFIRMED BACHELOR—
What's Good Enough for My Father
Is Good Enough for Me.**

The envelope of salacious pinups turned out to be far less exciting than the girdle and bra ads in VOGUE, but the real winner was the book of **Thrilling!!! Games**. These include **SARDINES**, **SNAP**, and **GUESS WHO?** My favorite is **HAND SLAP**:

"Number of Players—2. Players stand looking each other in the eye. Both have arms thrust forward with hands palm to palm. The player whose hands are underneath attempts to withdraw his hands and slap the back of the opponent's hands. He continues until he has missed, whereupon the other player becomes the striker."

The next morning the postman brought me Billy Glason's Fun-Master Monthly, THE COMEDIAN, a Personalized Service of the Stars, filled with **One-Liners**, **Insults-Hecklers-Squelches**, **Song Titles**, **Double Gags**, **Bits**, and **Humorous Views of the News**. The best of the double gags runs: "1st Man: When I was

a kid I always had my nose in a book. 2nd Man: What's the matter, couldn't you afford a handkerchief?"

Mr. Glason was kind enough to send me a catalogue listing his other offerings. These include HUMOR-DOR FOR EMCEES (for only \$100) and innumerable song parodies. My favorites are: "THE LAST TIME I SAW MORRIS (Paris) . . . 4 different versions, 3 rather sophisticated, the other is CLEAN" and "THEY CALLED IT IRELAND . . . CLEAN! An Irishman threw bricks at his Jewish friend who saved them and built a hotel."

Well, all that's OK, fun-wise, but meanwhile a man's got to earn a living. With this in mind, I wrote to several detective schools to see if I could qualify. Crime Research Publishers, in Los Angeles, was good enough to send me a warm letter by return mail, saying, "**YOUR NAME HAS BEEN SELECTED.** You have been selected to receive the Crime Research Course at (50%) fifty percent discount." Enclosed was a detective's badge, made of paper, and promised, for graduation day, was an official wallet-size card that "would serve as an introduction to all peace officers." But the Institute of Applied Science, a rival school, sent me a more impressive package, including the hard-bound BLUE BOOK OF CRIME, several brochures, and a swell personal letter that began, "There's Money In Fingerprints! Be Sure of Your Share." The letter went on to say, "the day is coming when it will be required that everyone is fingerprinted. Where will all the experts come from to handle this amount of work?" Where, indeed! Why, for a mere \$145 the school would make sure I qualified. T. Dickenson Cooke, director of the school, wrote me, "All the great men you can recall to mind — Washington, Lincoln, Edison, Tesla, Marconi, MacArthur — have one particular quality in common, and that is training." And in his brochure YOUR CHANCE FOR SUCCESS! THRILLS! ROMANCE! A STEADY INCOME! there are some splendid drawings and captions to illustrate WHERE WE FIND THE MODERN INVESTIGATOR. A dashing chap stands at the ship's rail and underneath we read, "Often the chase leads to foreign shores — voyaging is one of the irresistible lures of the fascinating profession." In another drawing the same intrepid crime-buster looks as if he's fallen on hard times. Don't be deceived, though, for the caption reads, "Little attention was paid to the poorly clad beggar sprawled on the next bench . . . thru this oversight the bomb plotters were rounded up that very night."

Well, T. Dickenson Cooke had me there. But the problem — and this goes for all the correspondence courses — was the cost. It's OK for the school to offer me a discount on fingerprint ink, but no shamus worth his salt turns up for a job without his roscoe, and roscoes cost money. That's why I'm so glad to have read HE PLATED HIS WAY TO FLORIDA by Jerome K. Schwartz. This inspirational story tells how, "By electroplating shells and marine life Bob Parker has not only given a novel twist to shellcraft but has achieved the kind of life he dreamed of." It was sent to me without obligation by the Warner Electric Company, who have generously offered to set me up in the metalized baby-shoe business, wherein I can easily earn \$250 a week part-time. The trouble is I'd need to invest at least \$150 in equipment to start out, and I just haven't got that kind of cash to spare.

Meanwhile, however, I find some consolation in Hugh Morris's slender text on THE ART OF KISSING. I turn to it again and again and highly recommend the ELECTRIC KISSING PARTY (see page 25).

"The ladies and gentlemen range themselves about the room. In leap year the ladies select a partner, and together they shuffle about on the carpet until they are charged with electricity, the lights in the room having been first turned low. Then they kiss in the dark; and make the sparks fly for the amusement of the onlookers." ★



Ralph Allen's final re

Why both sides w

MEDICINE: ALMOST NO BLACK DOCTORS

The only expert on leprosy available to hundreds of victims in Equator province of the Congo is Dr. Bernard Sarthre, a specialist from Paris who works for the World Health Organization. When the UN affiliate pulls out of the Congo, Sarthre's patients will be left helpless.

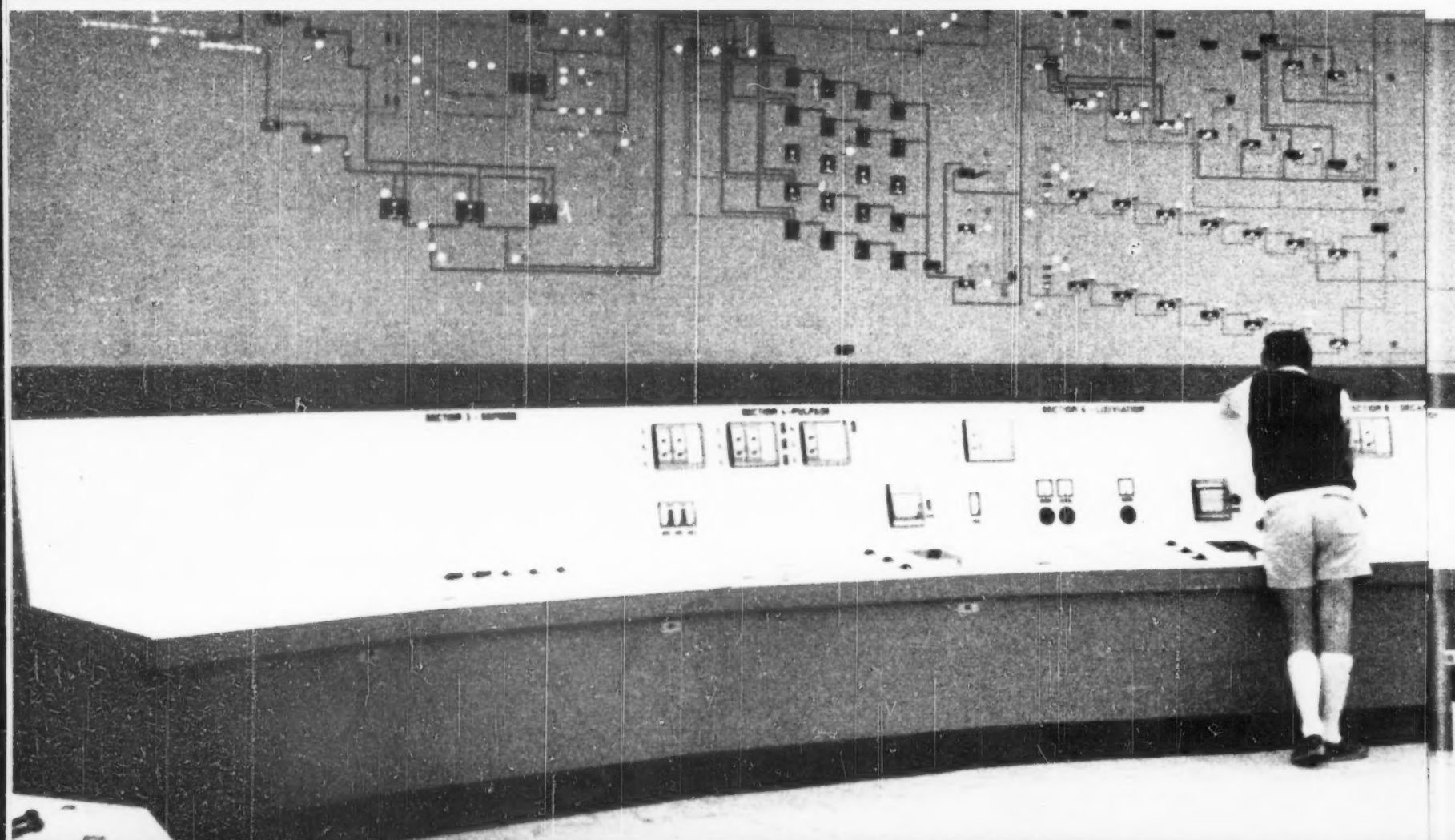


EDUCATION: PITIFULLY FEW TEACHERS

Employees of the giant Congolese mining concern, Union Minière, are taught by Canadian Jacques Lacroix, whose work is part of a UNESCO-sponsored project. When UNESCO moves out, Lacroix will go too. Among the natives, there are few who can replace him.

TECHNOLOGY: ALMOST NO ENGINEERS

This control panel at Union Minière's new Luilu copper refinery, the largest such plant in Africa or Europe, is run by the African at the desk. Only four whites and four blacks operate Luilu. If the white man at the panel has to go, his fellow worker's job will go too.



al report on a tormented continent

es will lose the white-black struggle for Africa

The white exodus is beginning. But in victory, the blacks can only lead Africa back to darkness. Here is the evidence, as Maclean's contributing editor heard and saw it in most of the erupting countries south of the Sahara

IT MAY BE NO ACCIDENT that the most prophetic words ever written about Africa have been in the form of fiction. That lustrous, gleaming, tortured, terrible and magnificent continent is far larger than life. It can never be described by any mere recital of fact.

In his *Heart of Darkness*, Joseph Conrad speculated half a century ago on the, to him, inevitable death of the white man in a black world. Eugene O'Neill, in *The Emperor Jones*, and Joyce Cary in *Mister Johnson*, Aissa Saved and *The African Witch*, explored the death of the black man. The Emperor Jones was thrust abruptly into, and ruined by, the sight of power. Mister Johnson was a partly educated civil servant destroyed by sudden authority. Aissa was a simple girl who got Christ mixed up fatally with her tribal gods. The hero of *The African Witch* went to his doom trying to be half Nigerian and half European.

None of these gaudy, made-up figures is half so hard to believe as those that really exist. Jomo Kenyatta, the Burning Spear of Kenya,

hero of the Mau Mau and scourge of the British, is much too improbable to have been invented. So is Kwame Nkrumah, the little dictator whom his Ghanaian subjects proudly call Show Boy. So is stern, unwavering Hendrik Verwoerd, the Saxon Lion of the North and chief custodian of whatever future is left for South Africa. So are a hundred other strongmen, semi-strongmen, would-be strongmen and departed strongmen ranging from President Sylvanus Olympio of Togo to the late Patrice Lumumba and the imprisoned Moïse Tshombe of the Congo and their triumphant rival, Joseph Kasavubu. (There is a saying around Léopoldville that the reason Kasavubu lives in a villa beside the Congo River is so that he can look out the window and see the bodies of his enemies floating by.)

Amid this procession of fantastic men and fantastic events it is sometimes difficult to remember that Africa means far more to the rest of the world than its ceaseless wake of headlines. The real questions are not the day-to-day

questions: Will the British release Kenyatta? Will Kasavubu kill Tshombe? Will South Africa survive as a republic? Will Nkrumah organize a leftist federation? Will Angola dissolve in a hopeless bloodbath?

Important as these questions are, they beg much larger ones. Is the white man, whatever happens in the painful ebb and flow of immediate history, really and forever through in Africa? And if the white man is through, can the black man get along without him? Having had a taste of what passes for civilization, is the native African in a position to give it up forever? If the white man is expelled or if his flight becomes a total one, must Africa revert to the *Heart of Darkness* and its ancient legacy of superstition, ignorance, disease, poverty and hatred?

To a visitor the answers that seem most probable are all forbidding. In what surely is the human race's crowning feat of lunacy, we are spending billions of dollars to send a single man to the uninhabited and invisible far side of the moon while at the same time we quibble furiously about the cost of ministering to the visible needs of the two hundred million Africans who occupy a fifth of our native earth.

"I'VE HAD LIONS ON THE FRONT LAWN; NOW I'M BACK TO SAUSAGES AND MASH"

The European — or, as the signs in Johannesburg, Cape Town and Durban spell it out, the *Blanke* — is already giving up on Africa. Everywhere south of the Sahara he is either in retreat or behind barricades. In South Africa and Rhodesia the weight of his clubs may give him another ten or twenty years, but since he has committed himself to the law of clubs, his defeat by this law seems more likely every minute.

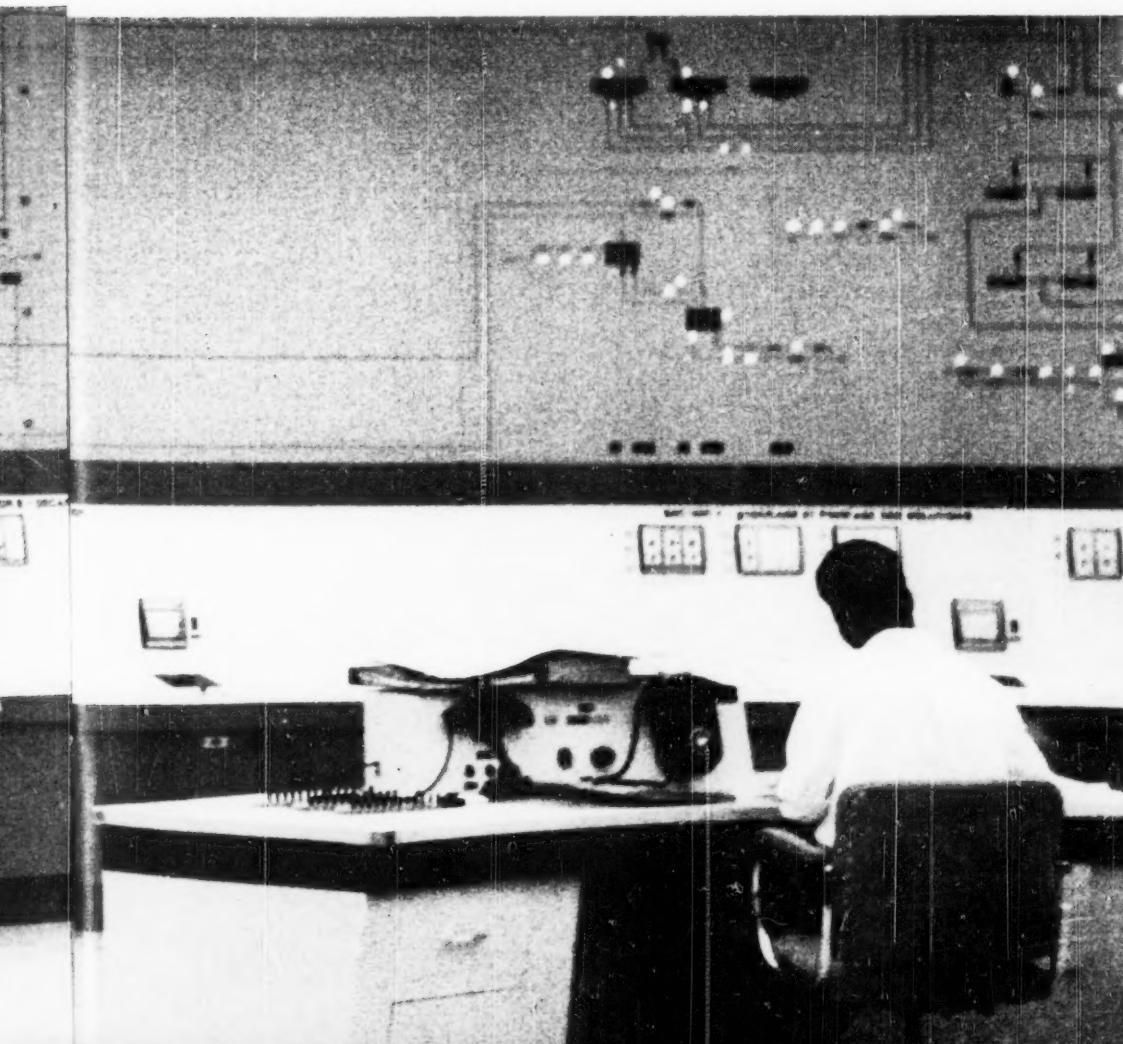
Going into Africa, the planes are almost empty. Coming out, they are full, with long waiting lists. The people who fill them are already homesick before the takeoff run. The man who sat beside me on the long haul from Nairobi to Khartoum, Rome and London was peering eagerly out the window, taking his last lingering look at the place where he had spent his youth and had planned to end his days.

"I tell myself I'll be coming back," he said. "My wife has been in London for two months and I tell her the same. I tell our daughter she'll be coming back to Kenya too. You can't help hoping. My God, on a clear day I can see Kilimanjaro and Mount Kenya *both* from my porch. I've had lions — real, live, wild lions — in my front yard, surrounded by bougainvillea and hibiscus. Less than a day from here I've seen four hundred elephants parading and trumpeting around a salt lick. And now I'm going back to Harringay and sausage and mashed potatoes."

After we were above the clouds and he had seen the last of Kilimanjaro, the White Highlands and the moonlit plains of Africa, he began talking again.

"I've got two houseboys. I've been a good friend to them and they've been good friends to me. But all

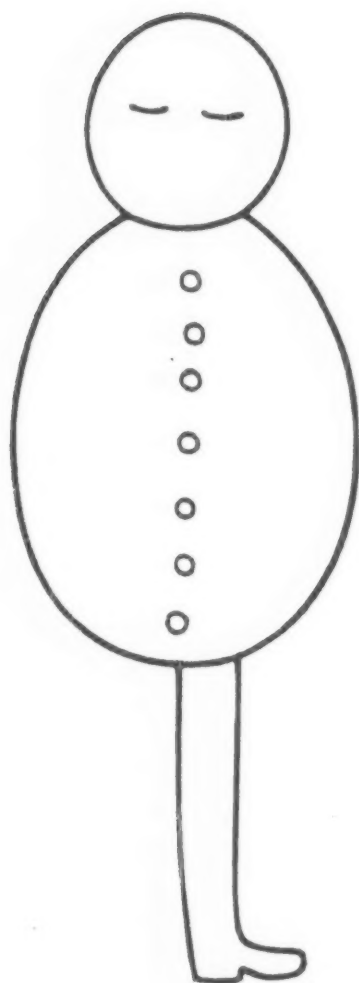
CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



HOW INTELLIGENCE TESTS SCORE TODAY

Believe it or not,
they do measure brains

BY DOROTHY SANGSTER



Creative children may show their skill in completion tests like this, yet run up a low rating on the rest of the IQ test.

WHEN IT COMES TO PREDICTING a child's success in life it must often seem to parents that the most scientific tool anyone's come up with is still the old rhyme beginning, "Monday's child is fair of face . . ."

For example, one long-term study shows that fifteen hundred of the brightest schoolkids in California grew up to be fifteen hundred pretty bright adults — but there wasn't an authentic genius among them. On the other hand, a retrospective study of four hundred towering world figures, including Picasso, Khrushchev and Charles Lindbergh, indicates that almost all of them were indifferent students. They disliked teachers, routine and conformity and they were hard to discipline, sloppy and inaccurate. As a boy, Winston Churchill took three full terms to get out of the lowest grade at Harrow. Yet a famous child prodigy, William Sidis, son of a brilliant Harvard-trained psychologist, grew up to bungle careers in both teaching and writing; he finally landed a \$23-a-week job with a streetcar company and died in obscurity, the achievement of his life an incredible collection of streetcar transfers.

But these examples, so comforting to those of us who suspect we may be a bit stupid, are actually misleading — almost as misleading as the opposite illusion of the personnel "expert," who thinks he can pigeonhole everybody with the help of a questionnaire and an IBM machine. The fact is that within a reasonable margin of error you *can* predict a child's academic capacity and that, if other things are anywhere near equal, academic capacity *does* bear a close relation to the general capacity that brings success in life.

The late Dr. Lewis Terman of Stanford University, co-author of *Genetic Studies of Genius*, was the man who carried out the above-mentioned survey of fifteen hundred children. He started it in 1921, when he himself was in his forties, and continued it until he died five years ago at the age of seventy-nine — still in constant touch with ninety-five percent of his "children," who by then of course were mostly parents themselves.

They were all bright children, officially classified as "superior" with intelligence quotients of 140 or more. Terman showed, by his detailed reports on them over thirty-five years, that the superior child grows up to become the superior adult, far ahead of the general population in intellectual ability, scholastic accomplishment and vocational achievement. When it comes to

problems like personality maladjustment, insanity, delinquency, alcoholism and homosexuality, he emerges better than most. His marriage is as happy as most marriages, and his divorce rate no higher than that of other Americans his age. His child is likely to have a high IQ — average for the whole group is 132.7.

As was to be expected, most of Terman's gifted boys, and many of his girls, have gone into the professions. Seventy-seven are listed in *American Men of Science*, thirty-three in *Who's Who in America*, and three have been elected to the National Academy of Sciences. Dozens are national figures and ten are known internationally. Terman's bright little girls have mostly married and settled down to raise families, but their working members include professors, lawyers, doctors, scientists, novelists and poets. Their publications include five novels, five volumes of poetry, thirty-two technical and professional books, fifty short stories, four plays, 150 essays and critiques and more than 200 scientific papers. And the girls have taken out five patents.

EARLY READING IS AN IMPORTANT SIGN

What are the signs of above-average intelligence that parents can watch for in their children? Some answers to that question emerged from other studies by Dr. Terman. In 1947 he made a careful inquiry into the background of forty-seven men and thirty-four women who had shown, in the test of actual experience, remarkably high intelligence and general capacity.

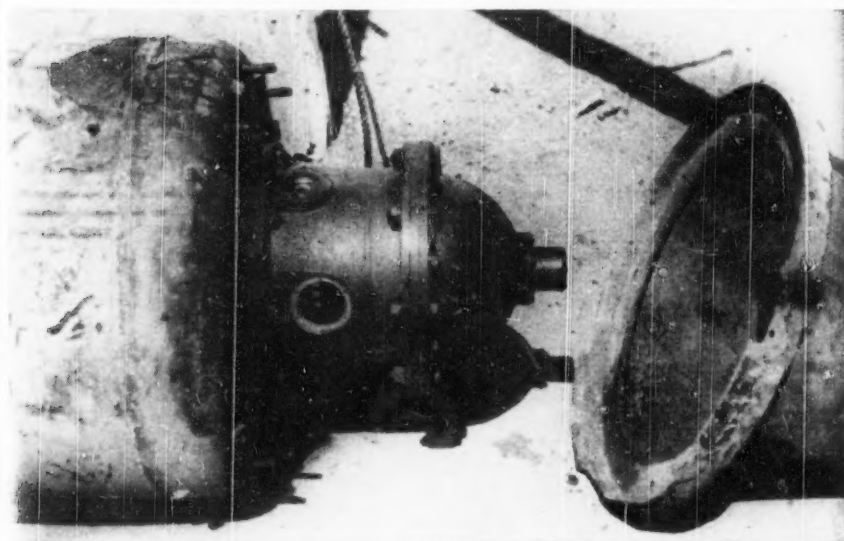
He found that the age at which they had started to walk and talk and the age at which they attained puberty was not significantly different from that of the average child. What was different was their precocity in learning to read (far ahead of the average child) and their ability to pick up reading skills without any formal teaching. In another study, of 661 bright children, Terman found that almost half had learned to read before they started school: 20 percent before they were five, 6 percent before four, 1.6 percent before three. One little girl, who grew up to earn a PhD and teach in a state university, read almost as well at the age of two as most little girls do at the end of grade one.

Other early indications of superior intelligence, as noted by the parents of the bright youngsters, included quick understanding, insatiable curiosity, extensive information, retentive memory and a large vocabulary. One small boy had conversed in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45



Cook, in the diving suit he wore when he defused a 2,200-pound magnetic mine forty feet below the surface of the Suez Canal. When he took off the mine's "top hat" (below, right), he should have been blown to kingdom come. But the light-sensitive photoelectric cells (small circular windows) didn't function.



TEN HOURS ALONE WITH A TIME BOMB

The first time George Cook disarmed a German G-type parachute mine he worked with excruciating caution for five days in the desert, and survived only because the bomb's booby-trap mechanism wasn't working. The second time, the trap was set to explode. Cook was working in an eighteen-foot pit in total darkness. If the photoelectric eye was still wired when the light of dawn reached it, he would die

BY TERENCE ROBERTSON

British instructors had taught Lieut. George Cook, RCNVR, all they knew about enemy bombs and mines in ten days. Then they had sent him to the Middle East as the senior — and only — mine disposal officer between Suez and the Turkish border.

Now it was late afternoon one day in July 1941, and the young Canadian waited in a lonely Beirut street for nightfall and the chilling task that faced him—disarming in total darkness a 2,200-pound unexploded mine buried eighteen feet in the ground.

The faintest light reaching it would explode a booby trap.

To George Cook, only nine months removed from placid Lakefield, Ontario, where he had designed yachts and raced dinghies, the long wait was becoming decidedly unpleasant.

The city was hot, silent and sullen. The British had taken it from the Vichy French after a hard battle for the rest of Lebanon and Syria. The night before, German bombers had left their signature in the street outside Beirut's American Hospital—a huge, unexploded mine, probably intended for the harbor.

Cook's disciplined, bronzed face remained composed but he was acutely and uncomfortably aware of five British engineers lounging close by in the entrance of the hospital.

Their surreptitious glances in his direction and occasional bursts of muttered conversation increased his discomfort. He could imagine their collective judgment — "He's either raving mad or just a damn fool." They could be right either way, he thought wryly.

The neighborhood for half a mile around had been evacuated. The hospital and a university several hundred feet up the street were deserted; so were homes, business offices and stores.

Once the mine had been discovered, Cook had been sent hurriedly from Canal Zone naval headquarters at Ismailia to dismantle it and remove the activating mechanism. If it should be a new type it would be sent to London for examination.

The sun was setting redly over modern granite buildings. A couple of hours more would do it, Cook thought, as he fingered broken pieces of pale blue bakelite tailfins found near the mine. They identified it as a German type G.

THE LOG WOULD SHOW WHERE HE'D GONE WRONG

The sappers glanced at him, totally unsympathetic. They had spent the day digging and timbering a shaft down to the mine, clearing a working space around it and then covering the entrance with heavy tarpaulins to keep out stray light from some unforeseen source.

The perimeter of the shaft had been sandbagged to reduce blast effects if anything went wrong. Cook rather hoped it wouldn't.

Telephone cables ran up the street to a sandbagged shelter outside the university where the sappers would be protected with one telephone headset while Cook worked underground wearing another.

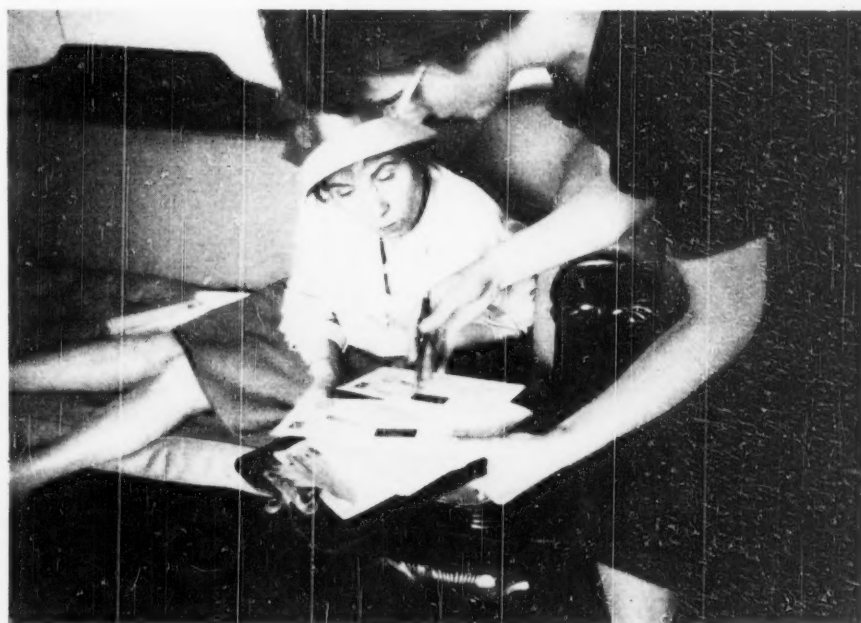
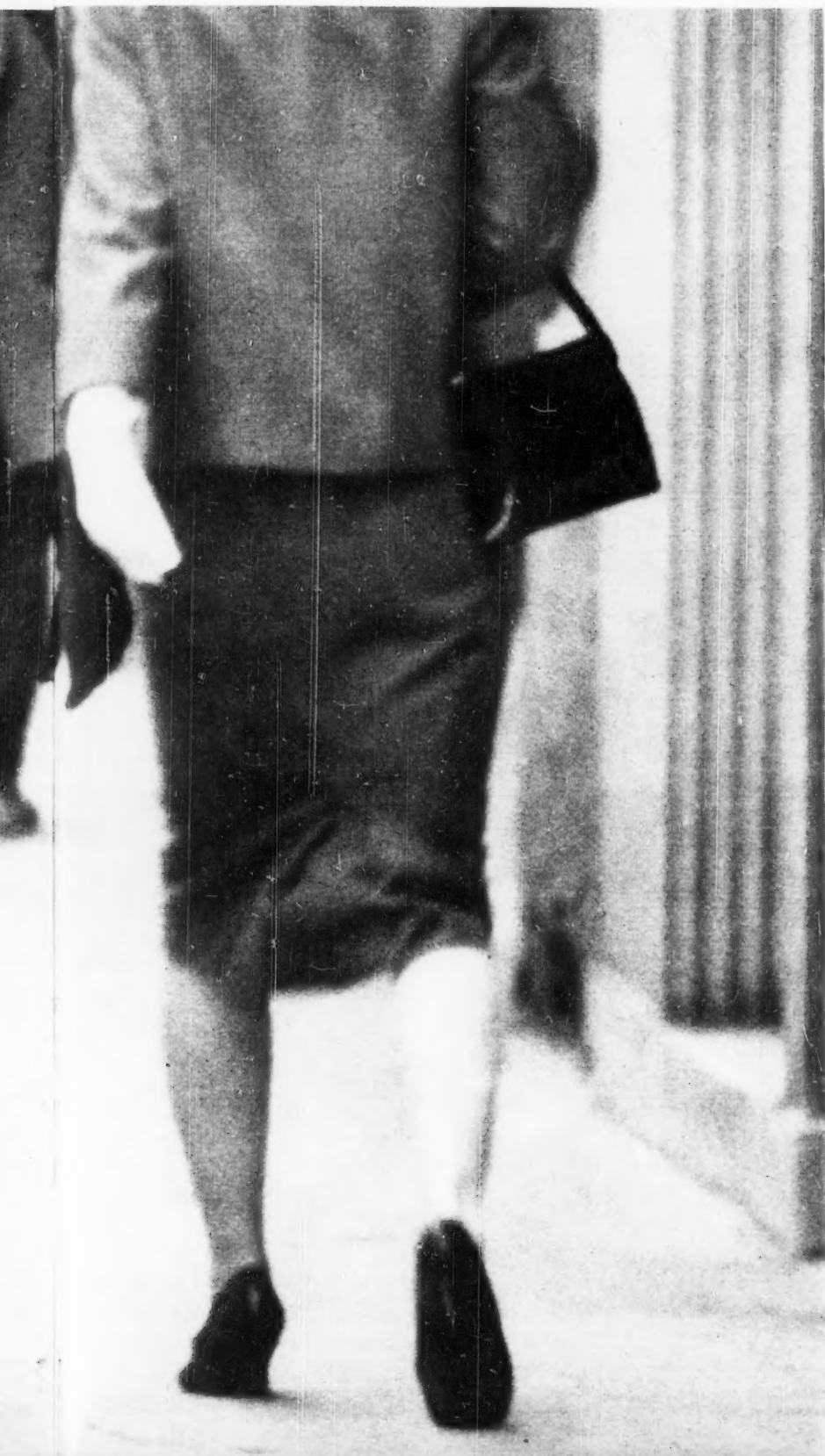
Throughout the operation he would report each delicate movement until the job was finished or the sappers' logbook told his successor at what point a different approach might prove safer.

Cook already had the dubious distinction **CONTINUED ON PAGE 28**



**A fashion expert speaks her mind:
WOMEN ARE COWARDS ABOUT CLOTHES**





"MOST WOMEN bitterly resist putting anything on their backs they haven't already seen on a platoon of other women's. Time and again, I've found women just adoring — three years later — styles that left them cold when they first came out. They're cowards. They have neither the desire nor the courage to find out what bold and exciting new fashions could do for them."

Who said that? Jane Harris, the woman studying fashion sketches in the picture above. Who's she? A youthful Montreal grandmother who says *she* is as daring and original about clothes as she can find clothes to be daring and original about. Back to her Pine Avenue dress shop, to drape such Canadian women as have the nerve to wear them, she has brought Canada's first knitted jerseys and nylon taffetas, the first Indian sari cloths and the first Terylene fabrics. What has her adventurous approach to fashion taught her about women who think *they're* daring about clothes?

"The other day I gave a fashion show, and in preparing the collection I forgot all about arranging something new for myself. I wore a costume that had been in my wardrobe for two years. Three clients wanted the same thing for themselves, and when I protested that it was no longer in my collection, one of them wanted to buy it off my back."

The other women on these pages were just passing by on the streets of Montreal. To a male eye — and maybe even to most female eyes — they include every type from the knockout to the never-mind, but to Jane Harris they are all guilty of sins against good clothes sense. Overleaf are some of Jane Harris's models, who are all presumably dressed as women should be dressed. And then there is Jane Harris herself, in three costume changes, and some notes on how *her* clothes look.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Where most women go wrong about clothes

By slavishly following fashion magazines: "The pathetic thing about all the poor creatures who try to stay 'in style' this way," according to Jane Harris, "is that the magazines themselves are from six months to two years behind the real styles. They not only wind up wearing the same uniform as the other readers—it's an outdated uniform."

By overdressing because they're afraid of simplicity: "The rage for accessories brings out armies of women who would only be at ease in a second-hand store window."

By copying good styles but skimping on material: "A good dressmaker should be able to duplicate a fashionable style adequately. But as little as a half-yard of material can make the difference between a good and bad copy, and too often the dressmaker tries to save the half-yard."

What one couturier does right—sometimes

"What is a good set of rules for the well-dressed woman? Well," Miss Harris says, "when I go to Paris or Rome my first thoughts are for colors and fabrics. Yellow can be lovely in linen, ugly in velvet. It's not till I've seen the new colors that I look at new inspirations in style. Only the harmonious blending of color, texture and cut will enable a woman to be truly well dressed." Although she thinks most women everywhere fail to strike this harmony, she does have a kind word for her neighbors. "There is a certain charm in the Canadian woman's modesty of appearance that contrasts with the overdressed New Yorker, the freakishly dressed Parisienne, and the casually-turned-out Londoner." And what of Miss Harris herself? Her clothes, and the clothes her models choose to wear, appear here. For some comments on *them*, see the facing page.





Photographed behind the scenes at a fashion show she recently gave in Ottawa for diplomats' wives, Miss Harris and her models are very chic in some outfits, not so chic in others. The knit dress worn by the model above is dated, and the pattern of the knitwork has been around for years. While the high pillbox hat of textured straw, below, is both elegantly simple and very much in the mode, the hat Miss Harris wears on the opposite page is not. On the other hand, the tunic dress

below, right, is a good illustration of Miss Harris's contention that most women are too timid about clothes. Almost any woman who did bring herself to wear it would be so afraid of its loose, figure-defining lines that she'd belt it up. Far right, below, Miss Harris struts her chic again, but it's going around for the second time. She's wearing a blouson, which is a blouse gathered in with a drawstring. Blousons were stylish a few years ago, and by next fall they'll be back for a second run. ★





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A gentile girl's life in Israel

BY JOAN ALLEN



Eighteen months in Israel, studying and working at several jobs, taught Joan Allen that "Jews and Israelis are quite different peoples." She is now living in Toronto.

ISRAEL SURPRISED ME before I set foot on land. As I leaned over the ship's rail to watch the crowd on the dock waving to friends and relatives, I was struck by the appearance of the people. Many Israelis (most of them, it seems to a visitor) look more Nordic than Semitic, more gentile than the stereotype of an Eastern European ghetto or the people of Toronto's Spadina Avenue and Forest Hill Village.

I had come to Israel on a research scholarship from the Israeli government. At least that was the practical reason. The real reason was because I was excited about the *idea* of Israel, just as the last generation must have been excited about the Spanish Civil War. I came expecting to find the same kind of Jews I had known in Canada and Europe and I left, a year and a half later, convinced that Israelis and Jews are two quite different peoples.

The only unhappy person among the two hundred immigrants who crowded the rail was a small round woman from Warsaw who stood beside me with a look almost of panic on her face. Sonia had told me that ever since Israel had become a nation she had dreamed of living there. "Before that too," she had said. "Since I can remember I have been repeating the old prayer, 'Next year in Jerusalem.'" She had saved enough money from her small salary as a bookkeeper to buy passage. With her remaining money she had invested in a complicated Russian-made camera, which she hoped to sell for enough to live on until she found a job. As a further hedge against hard times, she had filled her suitcase (most of her clothes were on her back) with durable Polish sausage, slabs of chocolate and bottles of schnapps.

But from the day she left Warsaw, Sonia had grown increasingly doubtful and increasingly ashamed of her doubts. Now that she was within minutes of seeing her dream come true, she was close to tears. "I wish I was back in Warsaw," she said.

The last of the passengers came on deck. They were the Cohens, the only other Canadians. Mr. Cohen was a middle-aged man whom I had never seen without a cigar. He and his wife were combining a pilgrimage with a look at the possibilities for investment. The Cohens made their way to the rail. Mr. Cohen took the cigar out of his mouth and whistled softly. "Look at all those Jews." "Such fine-looking people," said his wife. They seemed as

startled at the appearance of the crowd as I was. The native-born Israelis I met during the following months, except for those of oriental parentage, were big and husky, with fair skin, blue eyes and a marked tendency to blondness. The women, better looking than the men on the whole, are tall and strong and beautifully proportioned. They have the shapeliest bosoms in the Western world — including Italy. When I mentioned my surprise at the appearance of the Israelis to Tamara, a fellow student at the Hebrew University, she shrugged her shoulders and laughed. Then she offered this comment: "Everyone is proud of being a Jew but nobody wants to look like one."

Another of my early surprises was the fact that in Israel the stereotype of Jews as wealthy and acquisitive, or at least capable of making money wherever they go, is false. In their own country the Jews are very poor. My landlord, from whom I rented a tiny room, was curator of a museum and one of the top archaeologists in Israel, but he earned less than \$200 a month — not much in a country where coffee costs \$2 a pound. "I'm afraid," said his wife, "that we don't have any of the things you would expect back in Canada — no telephone, no washing machine or refrigerator, and hot water only twice a month. But come and see the room. It has one of the finest views in Jerusalem." I began to revise my opinions about pampered Jewish wives and indulgent husbands.

"NO ONE'S INTERESTED IN BUSINESS"

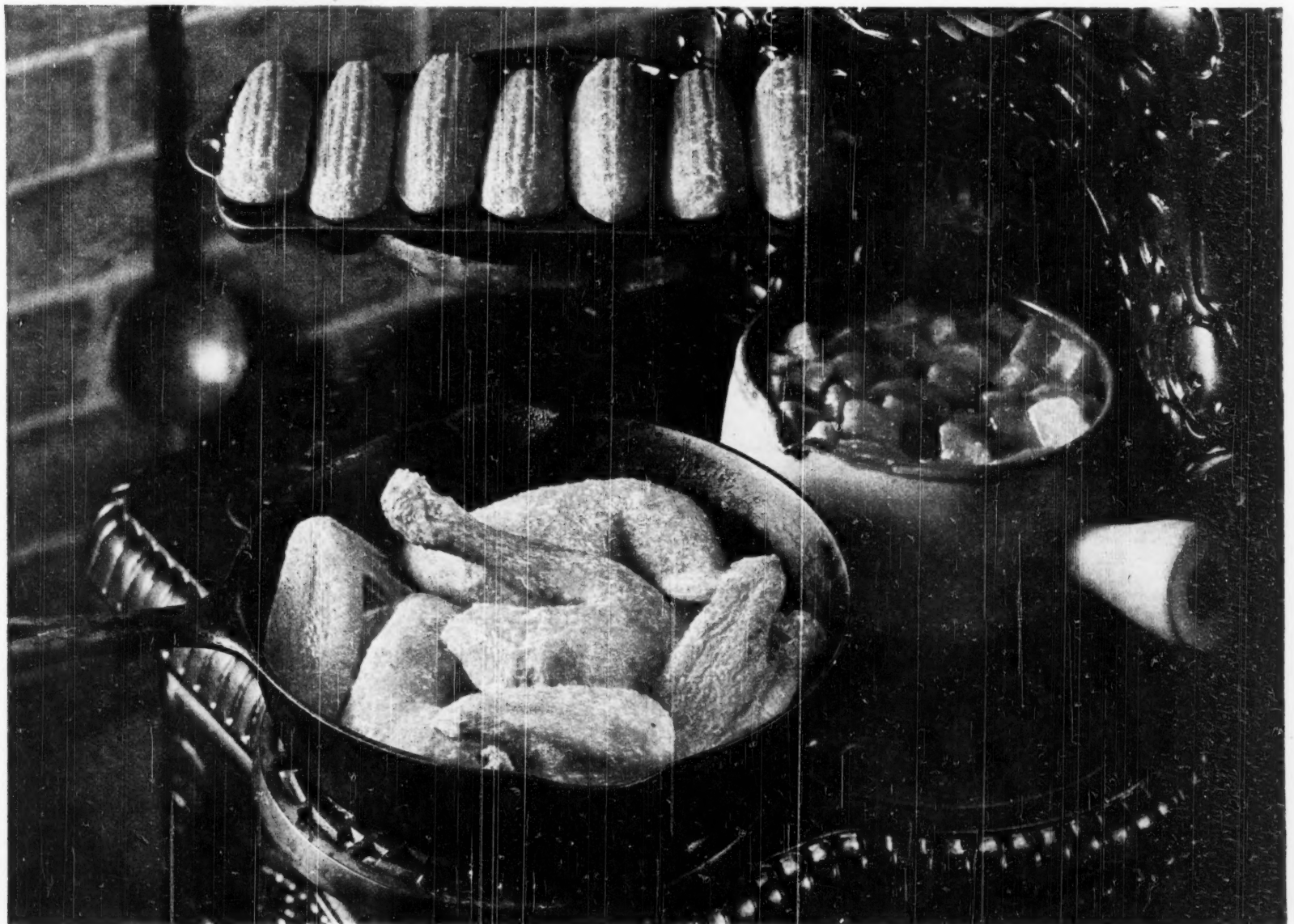
Even Mr. Cohen, with his Jewish business sense and genius for speculation, was out of his element in Israel, where resources and capital investment are controlled by the government. When I ran into him a few weeks later he looked worried, but he bought me a steak — a rare luxury. When I asked him about business, he wiped his forehead and gave me a wry smile. "Listen kid, I'm going to give you a hot tip. You want to know how to make an easy thousand dollars in this country?" He leaned confidentially across the table. "All you have to do is start with a million like I did." He shook his head. "Did you ever give a thought what it's like for a Jew to do business only with other Jews? And in a socialist country at that? All I can say is that Karl Marx has a lot to answer for, and he was one of our boys too."

Although Israel is full of economists, no one is interested in business. When I asked Tamara why she hadn't gone

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32



Good things to eat come in  packages



Plump, tender Maple Leaf Chicken, cut into serving pieces and crisp-fried in Domestic Pure Shortening. Accompanied by sweet potatoes in casserole and old-fashioned corn bread sticks.

food for thought

Three meals a day, seven days a week... you give a lot of thought to food. So do we. It's our business to help supply you with a variety of foods and we try to provide those foods the way you want them. To keep us up to date with housewives' needs, we have an able staff of dietitians and home economists. They're much like you, always stirring up new recipes and testing products in the kitchen (they prepare everything you see in Canada Packers' advertisements). They're quick to report the

things they learn from you at cooking schools and consumer panel discussions. This is one way we keep in touch with our customers and keep on our toes to fulfill the 'CP' mark's pledge of finest quality in bringing you "good things to eat."

Did you know? Chicken pieces will brown more evenly if dipped in milk before flouring. Paprika added to seasoned flour (about 1 tablespoon for each cup of flour used) will give chicken richer colour, better flavour.

CANADA



PACKERS



Ten hours alone with a time bomb continued from page 21

When he saw the broken fins, Cook knew he was dealing with a particularly deadly mine

of having met and dealt with one of the only two G-type mines so far found by the Allies. That had been three months before in the Suez Canal and it had taken him five days in the desert to find the deadly photo-cell booby trap.

While he waited for the Beirut night he tried to recall every tiny detail of his operations during those five days. Once below ground, alone with the mine, he would have to work in darkness from memory, conscious that there was no margin for error, that each moment might be his last. Three months seemed like three years. He forced himself to concentrate on the dismantling procedure, step by painstaking step.

The minesweeper Landfall had found that first G mine with her trawl at dawn—a ten-foot-long, bomb-shaped monster, resting on the muddy bottom of the Canal, forty feet down. Traffic through the Canal had been stopped and important convoys postponed.

Cook's general orders were straightforward: "Recover for analysis wherever possible all influence mines suspected of being new type. Intelligence reports new German magnetic mine with bakelite tailfins, color eggshell blue, actuating mechanism and booby trap unknown."

He decided to make an inspection dive to see if the mine were of a new type and worth recovering. If not, it could be exploded where it lay and shipping allowed to proceed.

When his special diving boat arrived at the scene, Landfall moved a safe distance away while he put on a diving suit and then slid down the warp to the trawl.

At first sight, through the net, it seemed to be the kind of one-ton bomb he had met before. His hopes for a simple demolition job rose. Then his eyes latched on the broken tailfins. This was wrong; tailfins never broke, merely bent. He picked up a piece lying near his feet and held it close to the window of his helmet. It was eggshell blue.

He realized with stomach-sinking certainty that everything was not going to be so simple after all. He would have to recover it.

Rolling it would be fatal

Closer inspection revealed a fuse head of the type found on all German bombs, but there the similarity ended. All previous mines had cover plates on the outer casing behind which lay the arming delay clock, primer release and detonator holder. Cook's first step would be to remove the only fuse he could find.

He returned to the surface, collected tools and fuse extractor, and made a second dive. If the fuse could be removed without disaster, the trawl warp would be passed ashore to a winch lorry and the mine hauled slowly in.

The locking ring of the fuse responded easily to pressure. Cook unscrewed it inch by inch—slowly at first, in case of

an anti-withdrawal trap, then faster when he was certain the fuse wasn't spring-loaded.

Once it came free, he surfaced, took the diving boat inshore and passed the trawl warp to sappers handling the winch lorry. Then he huddled behind a hummock of sand. From there he could see where the warp left the bank and where it entered the water. He gave the signal to winch in the mine.

While the slack was being taken in, he weighed the chances that the mine was armed and might respond to a change in the earth's magnetic field caused by movement. His instructors had warned him that any attempt to roll an armed magnetic mine would be fatal. Removing the fuse might have de-activated it, but on familiar parachute mines the magnetic circuit was independent of the impact fuse and was activated by hydrostatic pressure. What would happen now?

While these thoughts flashed through his mind the warp tightened, stretched under the strain and, after a quick jerk, settled down to steady pull. The suction of mud had been broken and the mine was moving slowly inshore toward the bank.

A few minutes later it came out of the water, up the bank. Then it was manhandled by the sappers into the back of the truck. "What next?" asked a sapper officer.

"We'll drive it about ten miles into the desert," replied Cook. "You people can

get behind a dune while I see what makes this baby tick."

When they were far enough inland to be clear of traffic, the mine was lowered to the sand and the truck driven behind a dune 500 yards away where the engineers set up an operational camp. Their job would be to help in the less dangerous work and to keep a diary of Cook's actions. This they would do by watching him at work through field glasses. He would keep them posted on each step he proposed to take.

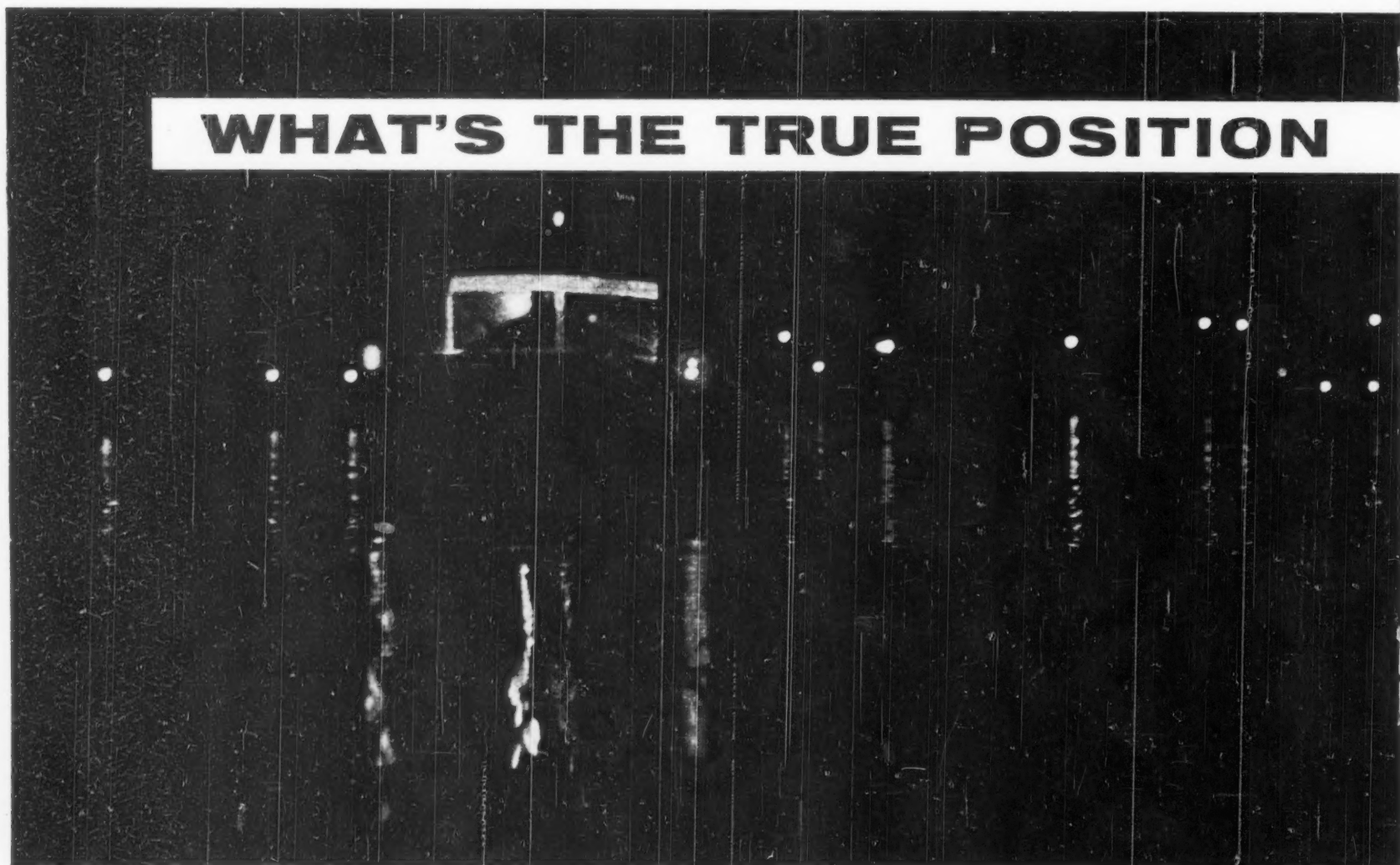
The first entry that afternoon read:

1430. Lt. Cook is preparing to drill a series of holes in the back of the mine case in the hope of finding and overcoming a suspected booby trap.

Cook had used this technique successfully on aluminum-cased parachute mines. Working with a hand drill, he would make a series of overlapping holes until he could lift out a section of the casing large enough to allow a flashlight to be shone inside the housing of the actuating unit. A few of these "windows" would probably reveal some mechanically or electrically operated switch designed to fire a booby trap or even the mine itself—if anyone were so bold, or stupid, as to try to loosen the nuts securing the housing door.

1450. Trouble with drill. Lt. Cook returning to shelter.

WHAT'S THE TRUE POSITION



Cook returned to the camp and reported that the case was steel, not aluminum. "Let me have a smaller bit," he said. "I'll try a pilot hole first and see what I'm up against."

He went back to the mine to continue drilling, sweat pouring from his body. The drill required his full weight to bite into the steel and it was painfully slow work.

He couldn't help thinking "What if my drill shorts out the mine circuit . . . springs the booby trap . . . hits the detonator?"

It penetrated up to 3/16ths of an inch before suddenly plunging right through up to the chuck. Cook was thrown across the mine with his head close to the hole. The mine was hissing!

1457. He's slipped—fallen across it—he's running.

The sappers threw themselves flat and froze into individual patches of parched sand. Each had learned to respect the blast of a 2,200-pounder.

But nothing happened. First one, then another lifted his head and looked over the top of the dune. The mine was still there and Cook was strolling toward the camp.

"What happened?" they asked when he had sat down.

"Well, I got through fine," he explained. "Then the damn thing started to hiss at me and I took off in a hurry. I reckon it was caused by heat expanding the air inside which then escaped through my hole. Guess I was a bit tense. Sorry."

Drilling continued for two days before enough of the casing could be removed to allow a thorough inspection of the interior. Cook probed as hard as he dared but could find no sign of a booby trap.

He was still unconvinced. Experience had taught him respect, and only recently five officers and men had been killed in England while dismantling a mine in which no booby trap could be found. He insisted upon taking elaborate precautions and prepared to remove the housing door — disrespectfully known as the "top hat" because of its shape.

Cook's next step was to release the tail unit, joined to the main housing by a flange and twenty-four studs. He was pretty certain by this time that if a booby trap existed it wouldn't respond to heat alone. The desert sun had burned down on it for too long. He discounted light because he'd never heard of a light-reacting trap and wouldn't know how it worked anyway. But there could be a trap — and it might be mechanically armed.

Before resuming work on the third day he wrote in the diary:

0800.—I'm removing rear door or tail unit. This is the best method under the circumstances. 1. I will place the wrench on the first stud. A rope from the camp will be tied to the wrench. 2. The engineers will pull the rope tight to keep the wrench in place. Then I will go back to the camp. 3. We will increase the strain on the rope until the stud loosens and the wrench is turned. It won't turn more than a quarter of a circle so we shall have to repeat the process until all 24 studs are removed.

Cook took one more precaution. A wooden prop was embedded in the sand and jammed tight against the rim of the tail unit where it was bolted to the flange. This would prevent it from falling clear suddenly and activating any mechanical booby trap. A rope led from the prop to the camp. When the last nut had been

PARADE

Free shine

The particular treasure of a young woman in Toronto is a Greek coin, circa 400 AD, showing the wear of thousands of hands and the patina of 1,500 years. It was given to her by a friend several years ago after he'd bought it in Paris, and after much thought she decided to have a fine silver chain put on it and wear it as a pendant. The jeweler in the little shop specializing in old jewelry assured her the chain could be attached without any danger of damaging the precious coin, and so it was. But after attaching it the jeweler thoughtfully dunked it in an acid bath and handed it back to her as new and shiny as if it had just come from Ottawa's mint.

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taken off, Cook would run to the camp and pull away the prop. Then they would see what kind of ingenuity had been used to protect the mine's secrets.

The painfully slow work dragged on for two more days, tension subsiding under the dreadful weight of monotony. Every few minutes, each man in his turn ran from camp to mine, adjusted the wrench and then returned to camp. The strain on the rope had to be increased gently to avoid pulling the wrench off. Despite their caution it fell away from the studs as often as it turned—and it would be the next man's turn to run out and repeat the tedious process.

By the end of the fourth day all

twenty-four studs were off and Cook was ready to remove the tail unit, known, because of its shape, as the "top hat."

On the fifth morning Cook wrote:

"I intend removing the top hat now. If there's a booby trap inside we'll know soon enough. Allah is supposed to look after fools and drunkards and we bask in the reflected glory of being both. . . ."

While he focused glasses on the mine he ordered: "Pull away the prop."

He saw the wood fall into the sand and the tail unit slide away from the housing.

It took him four more hours to examine the activating units in the housing, free the studs holding the housing to the warhead, check the electric circuits and meticulously insulate the connections.

Then it was over, the last wire freed and the mine harmless. The engineers crowded round while he explained: "There's no sign of a booby trap, but this contraption with two windows looks interesting. Wonder what it's for?"

It was a piece of apparatus covered with metal in which two windows had been cut.

The bits and pieces were loaded into the truck and the party returned to Ismailia, where Cook handed in a brief report and the "contraption" was sent by air to England for examination.

A cursory examination had already indicated that the windows might cover the type of granular microphones associated with acoustic mines.

Two weeks later, Cook learned the full extent of his luck. A signal from the Admiralty informed all mine-disposal units that G-type mines were protected by photoelectric-cell booby traps. Once the top hat was taken off, light would

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that even stands up to water pressures of 500 lbs per square inch, and jolts at nearly 200 m.p.h. (This was triumphantly proved by "Miss Thriftway", the record breaking hydroplane made of plywood). Resilience is essential to every boat, whether it's a pram dinghy or a big cruiser. It also means you don't have to buy extra insulation against noise, vibration and condensation. It's tiring to cruise hour after hour in a boat that vibrates to every wave and engine revolution. It's less tiring in a Fir Plywood boat because it is quieter than one built of other materials.

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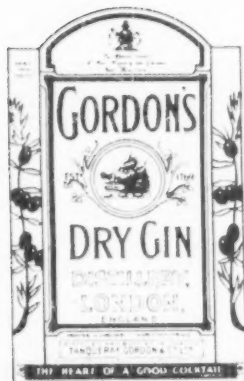
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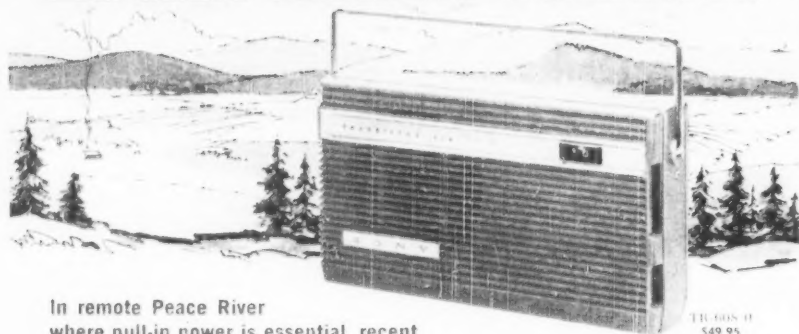


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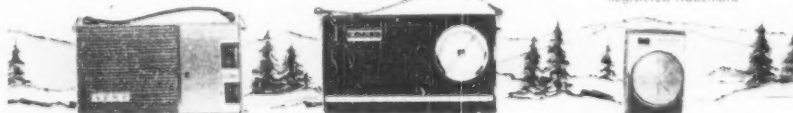
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enter through the windows and detonate the mine.

In Cook's case, the failure of a plastic plug to melt had prevented the arming of the booby trap. When he received a copy of the mine's analysis, he was certain in a lightheaded way that he could never be quite so lucky again. . . .

In Beirut it was time for him to find out how his luck would hold. The sun had gone down and the city was in darkness. The tarpaulin tent prevented light from penetrating down the shaft to set off the photo-cell booby trap.

Cook gave a last order to the sapper sergeant: "Keep a lookout for anyone straying into the neighborhood. There must be no light. Okay? Let's go."

The sappers marched off to their shelter while he breathed in cool draughts of night air. The sweat of the day had dried on his body; he was eager to get the whole distasteful business over with.

He put on his headset, lifted a tarpaulin flap, groped for the edge of the shaft, and climbed down a rope ladder. At the bottom, he realized with a shock that he had never been anywhere quite so dark.

He recalled the layout of the working area as described by the sappers and took his bearings from the ladder—three paces forward, body crouched and hands extended. The cold impact of metal halted him. He ran his hands over the mine, so gently it was almost a caress.

"I've made contact," he reported hoarsely. "I'm moving along to the external fuse. . . . Now I've found it low on the right side. . . . You were right. . . . It's a G type. I'm going to remove the fuse. . . . I'm using the pin spanner. . . . It's unlocked and there doesn't seem to be any spring plunger. . . . It's free. . . . One of you come to the shaft and I'll pass it up. It's too damn dangerous to have lying about here in the dark."

He climbed the ladder and waited until the tarpaulin flap lifted and a cockney

voice whispered: "Ere guv, let's 'ave it." The fuse passed to the other man's hand and the sapper ran back to safety.

Cook returned to his lonely work.

"Next I'm going to remove the tail unit studs and proceed as I did with G-1 [official number of the mine he had worked on in the desert]. . . . This business of working blind is no joke. . . . Must be like the Ritz up there, eh?"

An impolite, muffled curse from a sergeant cheered him immensely.

Three hours later the last stud was free and he had tensed again. When the rear door came away from the housing the photo-cells would be exposed. It could hardly be darker, but supposing it was a different sort of trap this time?

"Now I'm pulling the tail unit from the housing. . . . It's clear. . . . I'm starting on the studs securing the housing to the warhead."

More hours passed and finally the housing moved away from the warhead. Cook's fingers explored inside it, feeling for electrical connections. They had to be cut, taped and insulated.

Then the last wire came clear, the last connection was taped—and the threat to Beirut was removed.

Cook looked at his watch. He'd been alone and close to the bomb for almost ten hours.

"What's it like up there—down coming up yet? Getting lighter?"

It was.

He collapsed against a wall, weak and exhausted. Tension drained from his taut body and he gave way to fit of sudden, uncontrollable trembling. It was always like this when the job was done.

His final report was almost a shout.

"For God's sake, come down here and get rid of this bloody thing." ★

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Oh no, he's just looking at pictures in the magazines."

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COURSE I: FOLK SONGS



The secret lies in the dialect. Select a random English phrase, convert to rustic English, and close with a non sequitur. Don't let the dialect bit frighten you. Liberal use of the prefix "a-" (as in a-comin') will keep you on the right track. Thus:

It was a-rainin' in Toronto (or Trawna).
Oh, it was a-rainin' in Trawna.
A-rainin' in Trawna.
But the streets were mahty dry.

COURSE II: ROCK 'N' ROLL

Successful rock 'n' roll lyrics follow from close attention to a prime rule: Find the right word. To do this, take a reliable dictionary and select a word of one syllable. This provides you with the key to your theme. Try it, now, with the word "tick":

1st line: Tick
2nd line: Tick tick
3rd line: Tick tick tick

Follow naturally until a broad base has been erected for your pyramid. At this point, provide a touch of elegant variation by prefacing it thus:

You gotta tick tick tick tick tick, baby (or buddy).



COURSE III: TEENAGE POIGNANT



First, convert an old-fashioned theme to a juvenile, pubescent setting. Liberal doses of adolescent heartache and acne-pocked yearning should permeate the lyrics:

It's cruel to be thirteen (sob),
Thirteen and in love!
Old enough to suffer (sob) —
Not old enough to love....

Reference to "they" (representing the forces of tyrannical adulthood) should be used wherever possible:

They wouldn't let us build
Our love-nest at the Y
They tried to stop our love affair
They said that you and I....

COURSE IV: THE CALYPSO

Lack of tropical background or location need be no handicap to the calypso composer. Remember only that the lines must never scan. Find a theme, then cram each line with as many syllables as the traffic will bear. Indicate Caribbean accent phonetically, thus:

I came to the cit-ee of To-ron-to
in July '53

And a consolidated municipal committee on sanitary
education
Gave a magnificent, heart-warming reception
to me-ee.



COURSE V: THE MYSTIC CHORAL



The authentic characteristic of this form is a rolling rhetoric, pleasing to the ear and unencumbered by rational meaning. Brief practice will enable you to write completely meaningless verse. Sprinkle with disembodied references to colors:

My heart
is a cool blue Tuesday
green, purple, blue
And a memory of you?

Score for choirs, orchestras and echo-chambers.

Above all, get started. Never before has a beginner been able to accomplish so little without really trying.

RONALD BAYNES



A gentile girl's life in Israel

Continued from page 26

"It surprised my friends the Cohens to discover Jewish garbage collectors, sailors, charwomen"

into her father's clothing store instead of studying economics, she looked almost horrified. "Who's interested in business? We leave that to the older generation like my father, and to the new immigrants who don't know how to make a living any other way. What this country needs is people to make things, not to sell them. Businessmen aren't going to reduce the trade deficit. If we have a lot of economists, it's because we have more economic problems than practically any other country I can think of."

If the native-born Israelis scorn business as a slightly suspect occupation typical of Jews abroad, neither do they favor the traditional Jewish professions of law, medicine or the arts. Tamara explained, "Israel isn't a country like Canada, big and rich in resources. Israel is more like Switzerland, and if we are going to survive — which is still a good question — it must be through technology rather than natural wealth. That's why the emphasis is on science and the practical skills. It's true that we still have more lawyers and doctors per capita than most other countries, but they are mostly Europeans and there isn't the same prestige attached to the professions here as in Canada. Israel's future is with her engineers and scientists. Doctors and dentists are important, but equally important is the manufacture of false teeth for export."

But the stereotype of Jews as businessmen and intellectuals is so prevalent that tourists like the Cohens are faintly shocked (though they won't readily admit it) at finding Jewish ditchdiggers and garbage collectors, Jewish sailors and soccer players, charwomen and prostitutes; in fact, Jews in every occupation usually considered *Goyische arbeit* — gentile work. Mrs. Cohen was particularly impressed with the Israeli soldiers. "Such fine-looking boys and girls. It was worth coming all this way to see them. And the policemen on horseback — I can't get over seeing Jewish mounted police." But when I asked her how she would feel about her daughter doing military service, she murmured something about Ruth's being "so sensitive."

But Tamara was as outspoken about Jewish young people from North America as she was about most things. "Don't tell me you go for that old myth about all Jews being brilliantly sensitive violinists or young Einsteins? Well, they're not. If you stay here long enough you'll find out that Israel is one country that has stupid Jews, or at least admits it. The Jewish kids from abroad are over-protected. When they're little they are taught to avoid fistfights and colds, and when they're big to avoid physical labor and insecurity. They are soft and spoiled. No wonder the Cohens are shocked at finding girl paratroopers. I'll bet the only thing their Ruth thinks about is buying new clothes and finding a husband."

It took me a while to get used to this Israeli outspokenness. My landlord advised me what books to read. The waiter in my favorite restaurant told me what to order. Tamara cautioned me to avoid English-speaking students in favor of Israelis. My Iraqi grocer taught me what

I should know about olives and set out to procure me an oriental husband who would give me many sons.

I was standing waiting for a bus one day when a handsome young man stopped to give me a lecture on biting my fingernails. Finally he smiled and said, "My name is Menachem. I've seen you at the university with Tamara. You're a stranger in town and you're from Canada and you're not Jewish. Never mind, some of my best friends are gentiles. Come on, I'll buy you a coffee and show you the sights. What would you like to see?" "One thing I've never seen in Jerusalem is the night life," I said. "Oh she's down in Tel-Aviv for the weekend visiting." Menachem grinned. Menachem, it turned out, was a history student who worked as a reporter in his spare time for one of the Hebrew dailies and he had just completed a first novel based on his experiences during the Sinai campaign.

Menachem and Tamara are typical of the new generation of Israelis called Sabras, after the Hebrew name for the prickly pear—which is tough and thorny on the outside but sweet and soft inside. Robert Graves once said, "A native-born Israeli is the toughest and most vital human being I have come across anywhere." The Sabras are stubborn, passionate young people, proud of their strength and convinced of their ability to perform miracles. "If you don't believe in miracles in this country, you're no realist," Tamara used to say. She thought nothing of walking twenty-five miles on a sweltering day to prove her endurance. Like most other Sabras, Menachem and Tamara are fiercely independent, inclined to be smug and chauvinistic and disdainful of the weak and indolent.

"All they do is complain," said the Sabra

Menachem persuaded me to enroll in a Hebrew course given at one of the government schools for immigrants. By coincidence Sonia was in the same beginners' course. She was a boarder at the school and although she was glad to see me, she was obviously worried about the future. The money from her camera was long since gone. "I don't know what's going to become of me. I'll never learn Hebrew well enough to read and write. I'm too old. And how am I going to get a job? Where will I live? I can't go back to Warsaw, and I thought things were bad there. Oh, it's hard to be a Jew, even in Israel."

The next time I saw Menachem I was able to carry on what I felt was already a remarkably fluent conversation in Hebrew. "Shalom Menachem. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. How much costs a hundred grams of olives and one kilo goat's cheese? Israel finds favor in my eyes, but my friend Sonia is not happy here. She is a new immigrant." But Menachem was more patient with my Hebrew than with the immigrants.

"All they do is complain," he said. "They don't come to Israel by choice. They come because they have nowhere else to go, and yet the moment they ar-



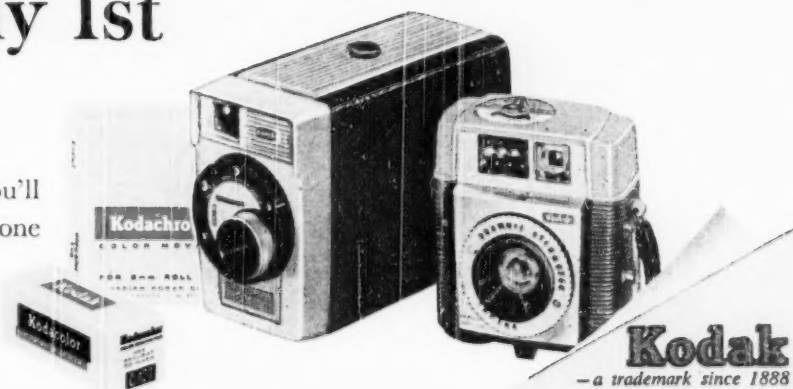
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rive they expect to have everything laid on — apartment, job, loans, social security and medical services. And when they get all this, what do they do? Tell you how much better it was back in Belgrade or Budapest or Bucharest or wherever. But what can we do? We have to take in thousands of immigrants like Sonia who don't really want to be here and we have to accept dollars from people like your friends the Cohens to do it."

"What have you got against the Cohens?" I asked.

"I haven't got anything against them except that they expect to be treated like absentee landlords. People like the Cohens have invested conscience money in Israel and they think that gives them the right to say how the country should be run. If they donate money for planting trees, they want to see every damned tree the moment they arrive. If they invest money in a factory, they want to know why it isn't run as efficiently as the factory back home in Montreal. And an-

other thing — as soon as they set foot in the Holy Land they suddenly become very Jewish. They arrive here in their mink coats and then haggle over the price of a souvenir. They eat pork at home but here they won't even ride a bus on the Sabbath."

"You can't have Athens and Sparta"

I was mulling over Menachem's criticism when I ran into the Cohens, who were with a group of touring fund-raisers inspecting Canada Hall and other buildings at the university. Mr. Cohen, cigar in mouth, stood watching the students. "Well, one thing is sure," he said, "Arthur Koestler was right when he predicted that in two or three generations the Israelis will have lost their Jewish characteristics. Look at these young people. I really don't know what to make of them. They're Jewish, but then they're not, if you know what I mean. They're like changelings. One good thing is that they have never

lived in a minority. They don't even know what it's like to be called a Jew, let alone a dirty Jew. They have none of our complexes; they're completely normal. But the question is, can a normal people produce men like Einstein or Freud or Marx? You can't have it both ways. What you lose on the borscht you make up on the potatoes. You can't have an intellectual elite when you're trying to create a nation of peasants and soldiers. You can't build an Athens and a Sparta. You have to make a choice."

"Don't listen to him," said a publicity man from the United Jewish Appeal. "The Jews are as bad as the Irish, always quarreling among themselves. I don't care whether these young people are brilliant or not. The fact that they are happy and healthy is the best recommendation I know. It's worth the sacrifice of an Einstein or a Marx. If I had any kids I'd send them over here. But I'm too old now and too fond of my creature comforts. Besides I can do more good for

Israel back home. Come on, let's take a look at the Dead Sea Scrolls."

Naturally I repeated all this to Menachem and Tamara. I wanted to see their reaction. Menachem was indignant. "It's all very well to talk of an intellectual elite in a twelve-year-old country with an uncertain future. Athens was rich and so is New York, or Toronto for that matter, but you need wealth and leisure for an elite. Besides, we have learned that it isn't the thinkers and the poets and the painters who win battles and clear the land. The heroes in this country are men of action."

"Just because we don't speak Yiddish or go to synagogue or care for business doesn't mean we aren't Jewish," Tamara put in. "We consider these things — how shall I say it — characteristic of the Jews in the dispersion but not valid here. As for the professional fund-raisers, they're terribly keen on Israel of course — publicity is their living. But you wouldn't catch one of them living here. Patriotism is all very well until you have to give up something for it. And don't fool yourself; that kind would be glad of a mild little pogrom somewhere remote if it would give them a new pitch for their next campaign or raise their status in the philanthropic hierarchy. But then I talk too much. If it weren't for the Americans and Canadians we might not even have a university. As for all this talk about being Jewish, what is a Jew anyway?"

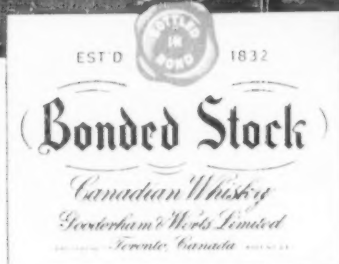
Menachem laughed. "A Jew is someone who worries about what a Jew is."

While this kind of tortured self-questioning may seem only a product of Jewish self-consciousness, it actually represents a very important political problem in Israel. Once it nearly caused the collapse of the government. For weeks the debates raged long and fierce in the Israeli parliament over the question, "What is a Jew?" The battle, between the religious and secular parties, was provoked when the Chief Rabbinate, the supreme religious body, refused burial of an Israeli child whose mother was a gentile. The child, whose father was Jewish, was technically a gentile whether Israeli or not. The religious parties argued that Israeli citizenship was not enough for identification cards, that there must be a religious commitment as well, and that "Jewish" must refer not only to religion but to nationality. They threatened to resign from the coalition over the issue. Finally Prime Minister Ben-Gurion hit on the solution of sending out a questionnaire to authorities on Judaism all over the world asking them for a definition of a Jew. Since the answers have not yet all come back (I suspect Ben-Gurion knew they would have a hard time making up their minds), the subject of nationality has been temporarily dropped, to the relief of everyone except the orthodox Jews.

Menachem and Tamara urged me to explore the orthodox quarter of Jerusalem. Walking into this separate community called Mea-She'arim, the Hundred Gates, is like stepping into an eighteenth-century ghetto in Russia or Poland with its maze of twisting alleys, high stone buildings and tiny courtyards. It was the Sabbath and I passed families on their way to and from synagogue: men with beards and side curls, round black hats and long dark coats; women with long-sleeved dresses, heavy stockings and kerchiefs. Usually their heads are shaved at marriage but they may wear a wig if their husbands can afford it. I paused outside a synagogue to listen to the wailing intonation of the prayers for the day. I passed a group of boys solemn as little old men with their long black stockings and pale faces.



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Everything would have been all right if I had not been wearing a sleeveless dress. A group of children gathered, scolding me in Yiddish, but I walked on until they were joined by their elders, who shouted, "Shameless hussy, how dare you appear like that! Get out!" They looked so menacing that I forgot my dignity and ran.

When I told Menachem and Tamara, they burst out laughing and I realized that they had deliberately put me up to it. "We wanted you to see for yourself what these religious Jews are like. It's lucky you weren't in a car — they would have stoned you."

The orthodox Jews are the exact opposite of the Sabras. The gulf between them points up the difference between the old order and the new, and the only thing they have in common is their mutual intolerance. The Sabras refuse to speak Yiddish; the orthodox refuse to speak Hebrew, the Holy Language, except for religious purposes. The Sabras rarely

PARADE

Too much, too soon

It was 6.40 a.m. when the telephone startled the night-shift maintenance man in a Victoria department store, and he was even more startled when an alert feminine voice asked, "Will you put me through to home furnishings, please?" Well, the maintenance



man asked her to call back when the store opened, and the woman asked why it wasn't open yet, so finally he told her what time it was and then there was a long gasp at her end of the phone. "Golly," exclaimed the customer, "I sent the kids off to school twenty minutes ago."

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attend synagogue; the orthodox avoid military service on religious grounds. The Sabras support a secular, socialist state; the orthodox exert pressure for the theocracy. The Sabras, and the Israelis in general, are passionately devoted to the national pastime of politics; the ultra-orthodox refuse to recognize the state, which they believe can come only with the Messiah, and pay their taxes only at gunpoint. The Sabras are modern in outlook, cynical and agnostic; the orthodox cling to their ancient beliefs and practices. The Sabras wear khaki; the orthodox black. The Sabras do the work and the orthodox spend their time in study and prayer and in the strict observance of the 613 precepts of the Law.

The orthodox Jews are heretic hunters. I was drinking coffee one day when Menachem burst into the café. "Come on, the religious ones are organizing a protest march against mixed bathing in the new swimming pool and we're going to see the fun." We found a vantage point. Down the hill from Mea-She'arim came a stream of black coats and hats. In the middle was a loudspeaker truck promising certain destruction to those who would profane the Holy City. But the marchers were met at the corner by



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a crowd of jeering workers and students intent on driving them back. A few preliminary jostlings, a bloody nose, a torn beard, and suddenly there was a riot. The pale, black-coated zealots stood their ground against the tanned, laughing Sabras until the mounted police arrived to break up the fight. Menachem, with a torn shirt and a black eye, was arguing with a policeman.

The pool opened in spite of threats of planted bombs and we all went swimming, but the hotel owner who had built it had his kashrut license revoked by the

Chief Rabbinate. This meant that he lost most of his business from tourists who refused to eat at a non-kosher hotel.

The Rabbinate supervises the kosher restaurants and hotels, but its jurisdiction is more extensive. It is the self-appointed keeper of the public morals. On the Sabbath, the only thing to do is to go walking. No theatre, restaurant or cinema is open. Buses and railway lines are at a halt and people who cannot afford a car (which is almost everyone) or the taxi fare cannot get to the sea on their day of rest.

Though pork is sold only in special shops, presumably for the Christians and the diplomatic corps, pigs are raised secretly on many farms. My landlady bought pork, but in her children's books the Three Little Pigs became Three Bears and in Alice in Wonderland the Duchess's baby was changed from a porker to a porcupine.

Rabbinical law also governs marriage, divorce and inheritance. Inter-marriage between Jew and gentile is not legally recognized and conversion to Judaism is almost impossible. We were discussing

marriage one day when Menachem said, "If you and I wanted to get married we'd have to go abroad. Even Marilyn Monroe and Sammy Davis Jr. wouldn't have been accepted as converts here, and there is no such thing as civil marriage. But even if we did marry, the children would be technically illegitimate. Now divorce would be much simpler than marriage. Maybe that's why the divorce rate is so high. We would simply go to the Rabbinate and request a divorce."

Women are as much a chattel today as they were in biblical times, according to rabbinical law. But according to the Israeli constitution, they are assured equal rights with men. Here again there is a vast difference between the Sabras and the women from traditional backgrounds, particularly those from primitive countries like Iraq or the Yemen. Tamara, who was studying the integration of oriental women in the Israeli economy, used to get discouraged. "How are you going to teach representative government to women who believe their husband's word is law? How are you going to convince them that they don't have to pull

PARADE

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We've decided that plant safety directors are marked men who just can't win. Two days after this one launched a drive to cut the accident rate in a Toronto factory, he knew it was all over when he heard a great metallic crash and an employee's yell of pain. When he rushed to the scene he discovered it was one of his new Safety First signs that had fallen on the luckless workman's head.

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the plow, at least not all the time, and that they're entitled to the same wages and treatment as men?"

The girl Sabras, who hold important positions in all spheres of national life, accept the responsibility of equality. They have little interest in fashion, cosmetics or jewelry, and they don't expect to be pampered by the men. Tamara used to put on her own coat, open her own doors, light her own cigarettes and choose her own lovers. She had kicked over the pedestal long ago.

Weeks after I had finished Hebrew classes and was looking for a summer job, I ran into Sonia. Cheerful, brown as a berry, she threw her arms around me. "I have a job," she cried. "It should happen to me," I said. "I guess I was just lucky," she replied. "I went to an insurance agency and they gave me a job as a clerk to begin with. When my Hebrew is better they will put me on bookkeeping. And that's not all. I have found one of my family, a cousin of my mother's who has been here many years. I'm living there until I can get my own apartment. I take back everything I said about Israel. It's a wonderful country and I wouldn't trade one stone of Jerusalem for all of Warsaw. I hope my daughter will come next year — 'Next year in Jerusalem'. You must come and see me soon."

The Cohens left soon after that, poorer and wiser, but before going Mr. Cohen bought a piece of land near the sea to retire to. "I'll see you all again soon," he said. "Maybe next year."

"Not me," said Tamara. "I'm going abroad to see how the North Americans live. Next year in New York for me." ★

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For the sake of argument continued from page 8

Business absorption may be as damaging to the home as infidelity

is one expression of this desire for exclusiveness, which is at root possessiveness. Perhaps, as Auden mentions in one of his poems, this is the fundamental error in mankind:

*For the error bred in the bone
Of each woman and each man
Craves what it cannot have,
Not universal love
But to be loved alone.*

An Indian philosopher remarked: "It is all right to wish to be loved alone. Mutuality is the essence of love. There cannot be others in mutuality. It is only in the time sense that it is wrong. It is when we desire continuity of being loved alone that we go wrong."

The social antagonism to adultery, which has been apparent in all ages and in most cultures, springs primarily from the possessive strain in human nature — the property concept. Gradually this concept receded into the background (although it has not entirely vanished in our own culture by any means) and the moral concept gained precedence.

Now I have pointed out and I want to emphasize that extramarital relations are a breach of the marriage vow and a falling away from the ideal of marriage. The poet was right when he said that the ideal of marriage was:

*To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds.*

But human nature is frail, and ideals are goals to be striven for, not positions already achieved.

Extramarital relations are symptoms of something amiss within the marriage, but they are not in themselves the reason for whatever is amiss. A man or woman's desire for or practice of adultery is a challenge to both married partners to uncover whatever is amiss rather than an excuse to break up the marriage.

Far too many marriages settle into deep ruts. There is too little variety either in the realm of sexual behavior or social activity or shared pursuits. Extramarital relations provide satisfactions that are not to be found within the marriage. They are a breach of the marriage vow and a lapse from the ideal, but they should not be seized as an excuse to sever the marriage bond any more than a man's over-absorption in his business, or a woman's passion for club activity to the detriment of her family life, should be used as a divorce excuse.

Business absorption and club activity are socially acceptable in our culture, but they may be just as damaging and even more damaging to family relationships than adultery. Far from being used as excuses to break things up, they should be regarded as pointing the way to a much-needed reappraisal of the

marriage relationship aimed at discovering ways and means of re-establishing it as something truly alive and vigorous.

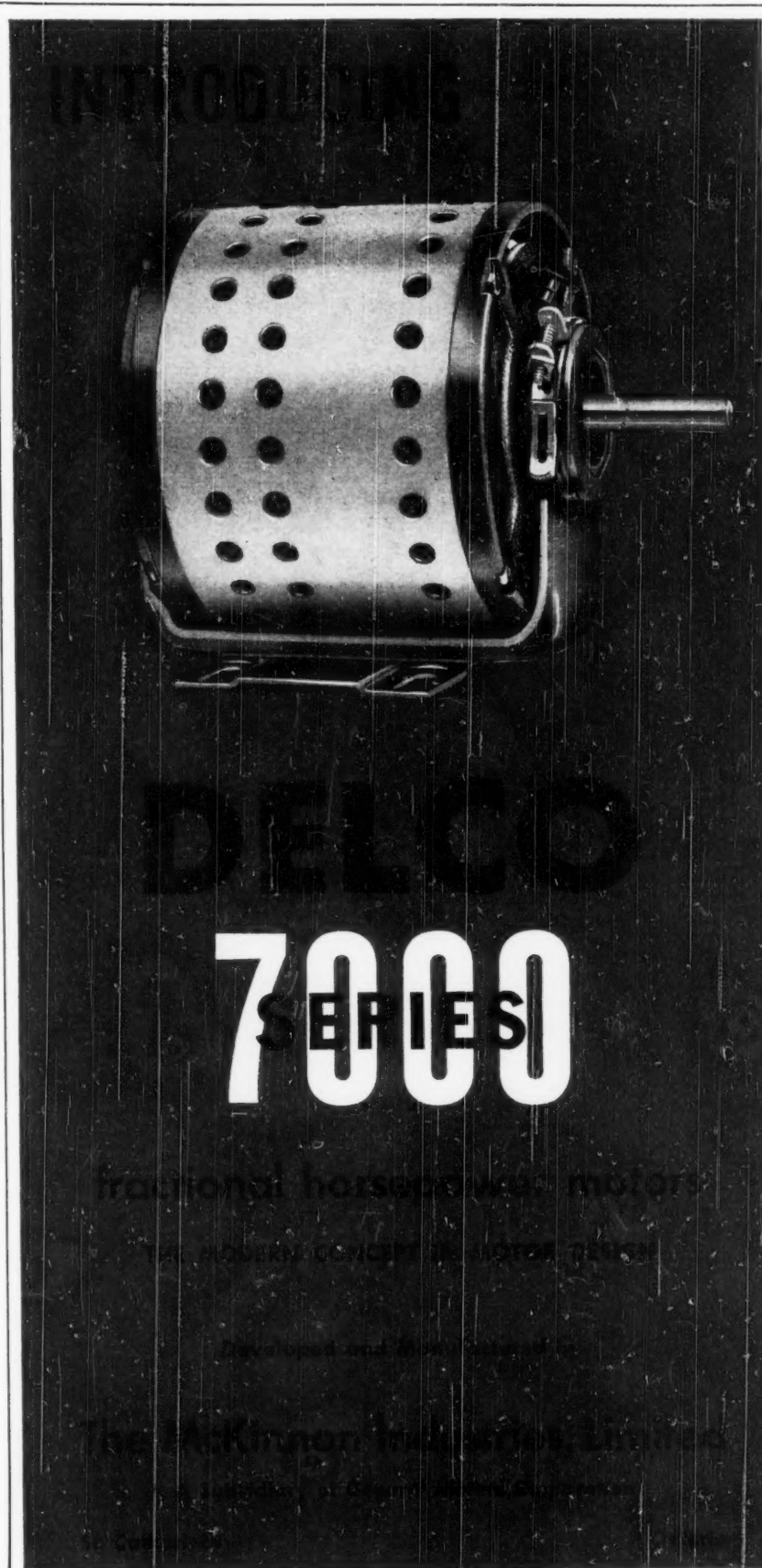
If a marriage is founded on more than sex attraction it cannot be destroyed by the sexual infidelity of one or both part-

ners unless this infidelity becomes an obsession. If that happens, psychiatric help is probably what is most needed.

One of the troubles with our romantic approach to love and marriage is that we have boosted the importance of the

sex relationship so much that adultery seems the gravest crime. But marriage is much more than a sexual union. The "one flesh" idea is primarily psychological and spiritual, and while sexual infidelity is a breach of the marriage vow and a departure from the ideal, it is nevertheless a challenge to the spirit of forgiveness and to that charity which is the essence of divine love and the pattern for all our loving.

Let's eliminate adultery as a ground for divorce and encourage forgiving love in our relationships. ★



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JAMES G. LONG

"I must strike," the Indian said. "If I don't, the Bantu may kill me. And they outnumber the police"

over Kenya the Mau Mau are stealing sheep again, as many as in the earlier troubles. This means they are oathing again, using the sheep's blood to swear they'll have human blood. I'm sure my boys aren't Mau Mau, but I have no way of being sure they won't be or haven't been dragged away some night and forced to oath against me and my family. After that their choice is simple: they either murder me and my family or they are murdered themselves. I used to sleep behind wide open doors, open to this beautiful African air and the great stars. Now I have two doors locked tight and when my old friend and servant knocks me awake in the morning I meet him with a key in one hand and a gun in the other. For all the good feeling among us he may be carrying a knife, or it may not be him at all. Twenty years ago I'd have toughed it out and trusted. Now I'm too old; my nerves aren't as good as they used to be. I took the wheels off my car and put it on blocks, shipped my carpets and silver out and paid the houseboys three months' wages in advance to keep an eye on things. I wish I could be certain I'd see them and the house again, but I'm not."

Just behind us a young South African was heading for Canada. He'd spent most of his savings on a plane ticket from Johannesburg to London, in London he hoped to get his immigration clearance, go on to Toronto and earn and send passage money for his wife and daughter. His problem is unbelievably complicated. He was born in Italy and therefore had been issued with a card certifying him as a European or a *Blankie*. But he has a dark Mediterranean skin and every time he gets on a *Blankie* bus, sits on a *Blankie* bench or tries to go swimming on a *Blankie* beach, the cops demand his proof of *Blankiness*. "When the shooting starts," he said, "it's not the real black man who gets it. It's the Indians and the coloreds. They're fair game for everybody—black and white alike. When the shooting starts this time I may not have time to show my papers."

An almost identical dilemma, on the eve of the Republic Day strike, confronted an Indian I met in Johannesburg. This young man made it clear he had no politics and no vain aspirations. "Look, sir," he said earnestly, "I don't want the vote. I wish they'd stop talking about the vote. My family has been here for three generations; we've never had the vote and we'll never have it. All I want is a decent place to live. I want my children to grow up in a clean house and that's all I want."

I asked him about the impending strikes. Would they accomplish anything and would he, himself, go on strike?

"The strikes," he said, "will do no good at all. All the other ones have failed. The police have suppressed them before and they will suppress them again."

Then he would not be striking?

"Of course I will," he said, plainly astonished at my naïveté. "I must strike. The Bantu have already warned me and I believe their warning. If I get off the train from my location and try to go to work they will beat me up or perhaps kill me. The police may do the same if I don't go to work. All I can do is weigh the odds. I know there are more Bantu than police, so I'll join the strike."

The only real optimist I met in Africa is a man whose name I can't use. He is

deeply involved in one of the United Nations enterprises designed to bind, in a hurry, the wounds of a century, and his usefulness could be hurt if he talked for publication. He is an African, as black and fearsome-looking as anyone Conrad, Cary or O'Neill ever conjured up. He talks like a Cambridge don.

We met in the Congo. To avoid seeming to grill him on the details of the job he was doing there, I asked him for his forecast, as an African, on South Africa. Of all the people I talked to he alone seemed to think genuinely—and leaving wishful thinking aside—that it was not yet too late for a reasonably sane solution.

"It is a long tunnel," he said, "and there will be further turnings, but it will end."

"Peaceably?" I asked him.

"What is peace?"

"In this context, the absence of substantial or prolonged bloodshed."

"I don't know the answer then," he said. "All I know is that there will be, there must be, a solution. How long it will take no one can guess but there will be a solution."

Did the solution involve the departure of the *Blankie*?

"Perhaps. But we can still hope not. If we come to a total deadlock here, then the human race is at a deadlock all over. Some of our most enlightened Africans are setting timetables for the departure of the last European. But no one really knows when the European must leave; no one is certain yet if he must leave. With all his crimes the European has done an immense number of good things here."

When you get down to cases, you inevitably end up looking at Union Minière du Haut-Katanga. With at least a hundred thousand stockholders and some of the greatest copper and cobalt mines in the world, the giant Belgian company has often been accused of being the real power and string-puller in the Congo. It is charged with putting the swaggering Moïse Tshombe into office in the great mining state of Katanga and making a unified Congo and a working economy almost impossible. It is charged with exploitation of the natives.

These accusations may all be correct. All I can report is what I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. I went to the headquarters of Union Minière in Elisabethville and went over its audited reports and talked to its official spokesmen. Then I went two hundred miles back into the interior to visit some of their vast open-pit mines, their new mill and refinery at Liulu, some of their artificial lakes and power dams and their attractive new company town at Kolwezi. The officials of Union Minière are inclined to borrow the celebrated phrase of Engine Charlie Wilson of General Motors and insist, in effect, that what is good for Union Minière is good for the Congo. Having gone into their domain full of skepticism I came out again with my prejudices at least a little shaken. The homes of the 20,000 Bantu in Kolwezi are not nearly so spacious and ornate as the Californian bungalows of the 5,000 whites; but compared to the disgraceful hovels the black worker is herded into around Johannesburg they are palaces.

In the last thirty years the birth rate

among families dependent on Union Minière has more than doubled. The still-born rate was more than one in ten in 1929. In 1957 it was about one in fifty. The infant death rate was another one in ten; now it's one in a hundred. The schools are bright, airy and well equipped, and there are night classes for adult employees who want to improve their job ratings. The other company-town amenities include such western appurtenances as dancehalls, bars, churches, football fields, open-air theatres, family allowances and pension plans. A good above-ground worker can make 25,000 francs a month. At the official rate this is \$500 (The Katangan currency, like almost all African currencies, is weak and growing weaker, and a more accurate equivalent would probably be about \$300 a month.) It all adds up, depending on your point of view, to paternalism at its best or worst.

Whether Union Minière, leaving aside the individual good it has done to at least a hundred thousand Congolese, can successfully be charged with doing the country collective harm is a conundrum that even a judicial commission might have trouble sorting out. There is of course a widespread belief that it has been guilty of gross political interference—that Moïse Tshombe was the company's stooge and that the company pressured him into his attempt to break mineral-rich Katanga away from the rest of the Congo, so that he and Union Minière could divvy up its wealth between them.

Whatever slender expectation I had had of arriving at any new clues soon bogged down in one of the greatest cor-

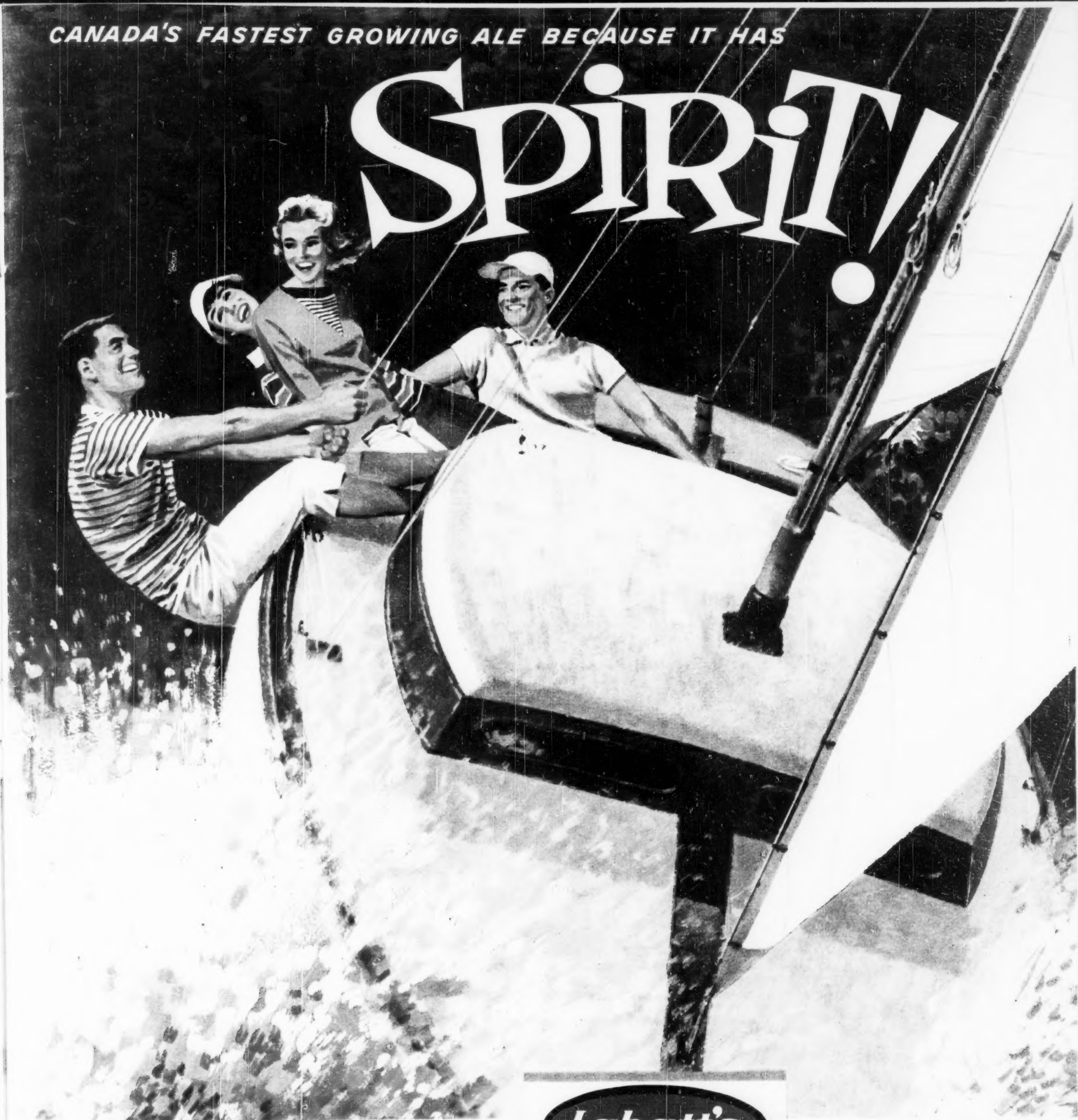
Political posse in the Congo: the fast guns are all female



These pistol-packing stalwarts, members of the Nationalist Women's Association, are the bodyguard of Antoine Gizenga (middle), a Congolese politician. His rivals have shopped around for uniforms and outfitted similar private armies.

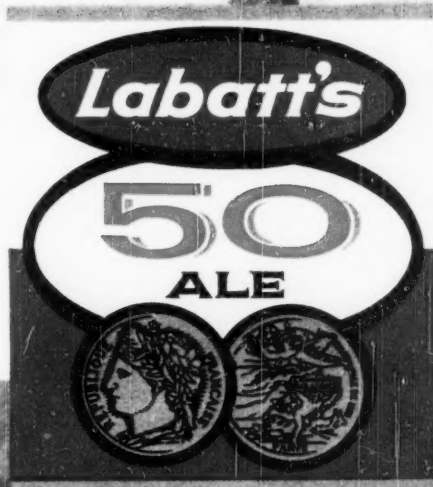
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porate mazes in human history. Union Minière's top officials insist blandly that they don't really know who owns the company, except in a general way. The biggest blocks of privately owned stock are in the hands of the largely British Tanganyika Concessions Ltd., and of the Belgian Société Générale. (Who really owns these two concerns, who really knows?) The Belgian, central Congolese, and provincial (for Katanga republican) governments all control substantial blocks of Union Minière shares; in addition, they cut in—in various ways—on the huge tax revenues. The Roman Catholic Church is one of the medium-sized owners and there are about a hundred thousand individual shareholders all over the world (anybody can buy stock through the Brussels exchange). In addition to its mines, smelters and dams, the company has a whole complex of breweries, food factories, plantations, fisheries, oil plants and other subsidiaries, and it is a heavy investor in railways, riverboats, ranches, an insurance company and even the big Sabena airline.

"I'm sick of apologizing for our size," said the Belgian official delegated to talk to me. "I'm also sick of defending our motives. Let's save time by pretending for the sake of argument—although we're not—that we're a great unprincipled octopus and that if it would improve our profit position we'd be quite prepared to wreck the Congo."

"But the thing our critics forget is that, even if we wanted to, we couldn't afford to wreck the Congo. We and our affiliates have great investments outside Katanga. We have palm-oil plantations, banana plantations and coffee plantations elsewhere in the Congo and all these would be lost in a civil war. Moreover, although Katanga is rich in copper, cobalt, radium and zinc, it is far from self-sufficient. Our agriculture doesn't begin to supply our needs and no matter how many tons of copper, how many millions of francs and dollars we turn out, you can't eat copper, francs and dollars. Katanga just cannot afford to isolate itself from the rest of the world and the rest of the Congo. Union Minière wants a united Congo."

But wasn't it true that Union Minière had given great aid to Tshombe, whose chief goal (before the central government trapped him and locked him up) was a divided Congo?

"Yes," the Union Minière man said frankly, "we supported Tshombe. We paid great sums in taxes to him and we made it easy for him to collect them. Katanga needed order and Union Minière needed order and Tshombe looked like the best bet to supply it. But he got very big very suddenly. He got bigger than the central government, bigger than the United Nations and a great deal bigger than we are. In the process he forgot that he still had two serious political rivals right here in Katanga, and bitter enemies all over the rest of the Congo."

This interview took place a day after Tshombe had departed—perhaps for the last time—from his capital of Elisabethville. He smiled and nodded grandly from his convertible Cadillac while bands played, the populace cheered and his personal bodyguards followed him in open jeeps, resplendent in white riding breeches, knee-length leather boots, helmets and red tunics bought from a disbanded battalion in the French Congo. Tshombe isn't back yet; perhaps it would be uncharitable to assume that Union Minière isn't pining for him.

It may also turn out that not only the Tshombes but also the Union Minières and perhaps even the Verwoerds will be engulfed by the revolution of the next

few months and the next few years.

To forecast what might follow is no quick job for a tourist. But people who are qualified to judge are almost unanimously agreed that the swift and impending departure of the white man will create far greater problems than it can possibly solve. N. J. J. Oliver of the department of Bantu Studies at the University of Stellenbosch, who is national vice-chairman of the South African Bureau of Racial Affairs, cites at least a dozen pitfalls lying in wait for an Africa divorced from white tutelage and most of its white population.

Many are economic—the lack of capital among the Africans; the lack of a managerial class; the lack of technical skill and trained workers; low purchasing power; low habits of consumption; low production of raw materials; uncertain foreign markets, and a doubtful capacity to compete in them.

Political instability, Dr. Oliver adds, must aggravate these economic handicaps. So must the low stamina and working capacity of the African worker and his high rate of disease and malnutrition.

"Idleness carries no stigma"

Perhaps most significant of all, the black man really thinks the white man is as peculiar as the white man considers the black to be. In the cities he has been bullied or cajoled into at least pretending to accept the Europeans' working hours and the rudiments of European standards of living. Many have gone just far enough that they can't retreat without a total upheaval in their means of existence. But as Oliver suggests, if the Europeans' example and incentives are withdrawn many Africans may find themselves suddenly straddling the worst of two worlds. The African has made some changes in his tradition, customs, tribal loyalty, attitude to security, work, education, motives in life, religion, and so on. But he is still neither fully adapted to the needs of modern civilization nor free of its nagging demands.

"In Western society," Oliver observed recently, "work is regarded as a moral or social obligation, strengthened by the profit motive, and as an essential means of obtaining the better things in life. In the African tribal society, idleness carries

no stigma; the economy is a simple subsistence one, with the procuring of food and shelter the normal incentives. The division of labor—such as it is—is based on sex and age distinctions and is often undertaken collectively. Individual work for individual profit is restricted mainly to a few craftsmen. Adequate time for leisure receives high priority, and punctuality is not regarded as a particular virtue. Discipline and organization in this subsistence economy do not exist, except as a spontaneous collective reaction to the rhythm imposed by the seasons. There is an absence of conscious need, a contentment with little, and consequent improvisation. These mental and cultural factors will obviously be extremely important in the development of the African peoples."

On liberation day a year ago in the Congo, King Lukenga Bope Mabinshé of the Bakubu tribe had to give up all but forty of his eight hundred wives, according to reliable reports. As the strains of the Independence Cha-Cha clattered through the fly-infested village bars, the more daring of the witch doctors were predicting that the dead would rise in celebration.

Joseph Conrad tried to put his own loose prediction into the early part of his first Congolese novel. "The voice of the surf heard now and then was a positive pleasure, like the speech of a brother. It was something natural that had its reason, that had a meaning. Now and then a boat from the shore gave one a momentary contact with reality. It was paddled by black fellows. You could see from afar the whites of their eyeballs glistening. They shouted, sang; their bodies streamed with perspiration; they had faces like grotesque masks; but they had bone, muscle, a wild vitality and intense energy of movement that was as natural and true as the surf along the coast. They wanted no excuse for being there. They were a great comfort to look at. For a time I would feel I belonged still to a world of straightforward facts, but the feeling would not last long. Something would scare it away."

As Conrad foresaw half a century ago, the straightforward facts of both the white man and the black man are still being scared away in Africa. Even his great imagination was not equal to guessing what might happen next. ★



"And now — a recorded message on what went on at the office today."



Is Canada possible? continued from page 14

In the Canada that Coyne proposes, we'd all be a great deal poorer. But we'd remain Canadians

people, for the excellent reason that the average voter doesn't understand what it's all about. His difficulty is complicated by the fact that this argument is actually *two* simultaneous arguments, one about the things Coyne does, the other about the things he says.

What he does, as governor of the Bank of Canada, is administer the monetary policy of Canada—known from time to time as a "tight-money policy," a phrase that did much to beat the Liberals in 1957 and may yet do the same for the Progressive Conservatives. What he says is something quite different, and almost entirely unrelated.

Coyne's message is that since World War II we have been living off the proceeds of foreign capital and with excessive imports, without worrying enough about how we'll pay the bills. Because we've covered the resultant deficit by

it more difficult for Canadian business to expand and create jobs.

E. P. Neufeld, the University of Toronto economist who is the country's leading academic specialist on central banking, has said that the recent actions

of the Bank of Canada have hurt rather than helped our present economic situation.

Other economists who have thoroughly investigated Coyne's suggested future approach attack him with greater vigor.

David Slater of Queen's University has stated flatly that the governor's views are based on "errors in diagnosis, and errors in judgment about how the economic system works." Maurice Lamontagne, the chief economic adviser to Opposition

PARADE

There's just one thing you've left out

The strikebound Royal York Hotel in Toronto managed to maintain remarkably good service, despite moments of confusion. When an apologetic guest explained at the desk that he'd lost his key and the management couldn't find the spare, the room clerk said soothingly, "You go on to your meeting while we have the locksmith make another one. If you're not in when it's ready, we'll shove it under the door."

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selling off an ever-increasing share of our natural and industrial assets to American investors, we now stand in danger of losing economic—and eventually political—control over our country.

Coyne contends that to offset this trend we must dam the flow of American capital into Canada, and start living on our own resources. He advocates transforming Canada into an insular, inward-looking economy, with strict governmental controls to keep economic ownership in Canadian hands. Experts who have analyzed Coyne's proposals have concluded that in the kind of Canada he envisages, business growth would be drastically cut, imported manufactured goods would be kept out by high tariffs, and we would all, as individuals, become a great deal poorer. But we'd remain Canadians. "We must," Coyne insists, "learn to live within our means and exhibit the strength and will to do so."

Apart from these and other suggestions about the direction of our future growth, the Bank of Canada governor has been making equally controversial decisions affecting current business development. Because of his obsession with what he calls the abominable wickedness of inflation, Coyne has directed the policies of the Bank of Canada in a way that has restricted the supply of money at a time when, according to orthodox economic theory, we should be fighting our way out of recession by heavy spending. His influence has kept long-term interest rates at least 1½% higher than comparable rates on the U. S. money market, making



Pictured above are three points of interest in this vast Canada of ours. **1.** The Old Indian Wishing Well of Capilano near Vancouver, B.C. **2.** Fort Anne, the oldest

fortification in North America, now a museum at Annapolis Royal, N.S. **3.** This old mill attracts beauty lovers to the countryside surrounding Guelph, Ontario.



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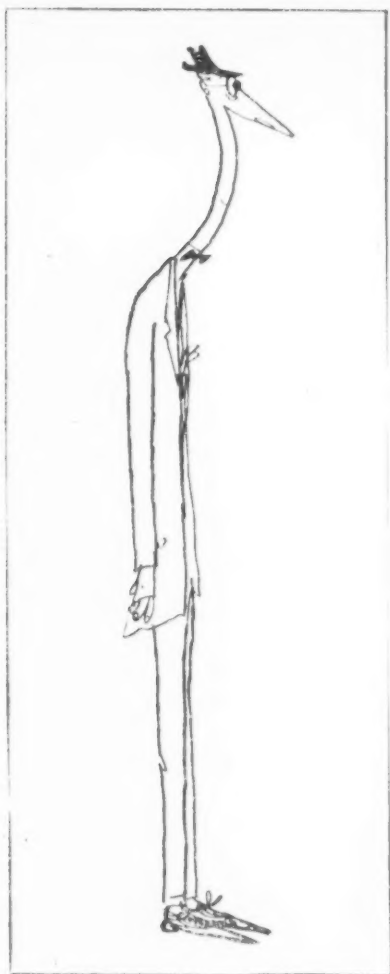
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Leader Lester Pearson, has pointed out that "the direction Mr. Coyne would like the Canadian economy to take would lead our country to a dead end."

At the heart of this increasingly bitter quarrel has been the apparent contradiction of the stand taken by the Diefenbaker government. Finance Minister Fleming has pictured the Conservative cabinet as being constitutionally helpless before the governor's discomfiting attacks. This attitude is questioned by Ottawa constitutional experts, who insist that the Bank of Canada governor must resign if he cannot agree with the general policy the government desires him to implement. They claim that the fact Coyne is still in his job clearly indicates at least tacit approval of his policies. Coyne himself supported this interpretation, when he told a Commons committee in 1956 that if the government were displeased with the management of the bank "they could put in motion steps which would bring about a change in the management. At some stage in that process... the governor would have to resign."

Coyne privately defies the economists who attack him as the practitioners of a dated science, inapplicable to the Canadian situation. He shuns the orthodox cures for our economic ills, because he believes we are suffering not from the boom-bust cycle of former years, but a much more serious malady that has gone beyond the point of self-correction. "Canada," he says, "was established as a nation, not as a natural economic unit. The very idea of Canada implies nationalism at its root."

He has been able to drum up little support for his views. Eric Kierans, the president of the Montreal Stock Exchange, did tell the Toronto Rotary Club that "at least we know what our problems are, and we owe the discussion to a courageous Canadian—James Coyne." But the only actual, if unknowing, converts to the governor's "living within one's means" philosophy have been eleven Sons of Freedom Doukhobors, in the B.C. interior. They recently set fire to their automobiles, declaring they were getting rid of their "life of luxury." On a more serious level, the respected Economist of London has noted: "Although Mr. Diefenbaker wears the mantle and employs the oratory of Canada's prophet, a more truly prophetic voice has now been heard from Mr. Coyne."

Nearly all the economists and bankers who quarrel with the theories of the controversial governor eventually point out that "the absurdity of his views" is at least partly based on the fact that Coyne has never had any formal training in either economics or banking. At the University of Manitoba, he studied history and mathematics; at Lincoln's Inn, in London, he read law. During a private dinner party given in Ottawa recently, when each guest was asked to rise and give his profession, Coyne said: "The bankers class me as a lawyer, the lawyers class me as an economist, and I'd hate to think what the economists class me as."

Such modesty was hardly appropriate. Despite the lack of formal training in his specialty, Coyne has provided the intellectual toughness of many of the most daring Canadian economic experiments of the past two decades. Others got the publicity, but it was Coyne, as secretary of the Foreign Exchange Control Board in 1939, and later as deputy chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, who drew up the detailed regulations that played a major part in preventing World War II from

permanently damaging our economy. In these and other positions Coyne never disguised his distrust of the Americans. An Ottawa deputy minister, attending a confidential wartime seminar on U.S.-Canadian relations, remarked that it was a pity American news media didn't cover Canadian news more extensively; Coyne shot back: "As far as I'm concerned, the longer the Americans ignore Canada, the better I'll like it."

This violent nationalism was bred into Coyne by his family—a group that one contemporary describes as "a clan of plain-living, high-thinking, hot Liberals dedicated to the ideals of the Canadian nation." His father, Mr. Justice J. B. ("Bogus") Coyne of the Manitoba Appeal Court, was a leading member of Winnipeg's famous Sanhedrin—an informal gathering of local intellectuals, including John W. Dafoe, the great Winnipeg Free Press editor, who met to ex-

PARADE

Next time, don't run after her. Reel her in

Victoria still has a few nice old-fashioned grocery stores of the non-self-serve variety where the clerks wrap parcels for you individually, and one store has an old-fashioned absent-minded clerk too. A woman shopper



made her purchase and was halfway down the block when the clerk came running after her shouting, "You've got our string!" Sure enough, the uncut cord on her parcel trailed all the way down the block to the ball suspended over the counter.

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pound the virtues of Canadian autonomy. Young Jim was made aware at almost every dinner-table conversation of the duties and sacrifices involved in being Canadian. He graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1931 with a brilliant record. George Ferguson, now editor of the Montreal Star, who sat on the selection board that sent Coyne to Oxford with a Rhodes Scholarship, remembers him as being so far ahead of the other candidates that the committee held one of its shortest meetings on record.

When he returned to Winnipeg, Coyne joined his father's law firm for the only four years of his professional life spent outside public service. In 1936, Col. J. L. Ralston, then counsel for the Turgeon Royal Commission investigating wheat marketing, picked Coyne as his assistant. The commission happened to be touring the west at the same time as a Bank of Canada research team, and Coyne spent most evenings chatting with the central bank economists. It was here, in dusty prairie hotel rooms during long summer nights at the depth of the Depression, that the young lawyer first became fully aware of the economic problems involved in Canadian nationhood. He decided to devote his career to them. Coyne resigned from his increasingly lucrative law practice to become a \$150-a-month clerk in the Bank of Canada's research department.

A year later, Coyne was seconded from the Bank of Canada to be secretary of the Central Mortgage Bank, formed by the government to relieve private mortgage holders on the prairies. But the mortgage bank never functioned. On the day Hitler walked into Poland, its machinery was converted into the Foreign Exchange Control Board, charged with preventing dollars required for the war effort from leaving the country. Later he was sent to Washington as the Canadian Embassy's first financial attaché, where he helped to draft the Hyde Park Agreement that set up a mutual defense production system.

Meanwhile the heavy demand for goods from a still immature industrial economy was creating severe inflation in Canada and Prime Minister Mackenzie King established the Wartime Prices and Trade Board to clamp a freeze on prices. Donald Gordon, then the Bank of Canada's deputy governor, was named chairman. Coyne became his assistant, and later the board's deputy chairman. Gordon became a hero, because he treated every situation with humor. Coyne, who had deliberately cut himself off from public contacts, came to be regarded as a furtive and unpleasant backstage influence. Ottawa reporters tagged him "Jesus E. Coyne," and several commentators began to wonder in print why, as a 32-year-old bachelor, he wasn't in uniform.

Coyne had actually been trying to join the RCAF for some time, but Finance Minister James Isley felt he was much more valuable in his Ottawa assignment. He was finally released in 1942. Overnight the man who as deputy chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board had virtually been second in command of the Canadian economy found himself standing eight-hour watches as a security guard at the Portage la Prairie RCAF training base. He later topped his class of pilots, but at thirty-four was ruled too old for combat. Coyne returned to the Bank of Canada in 1944 and was appointed deputy governor in 1949, when Donald Gordon left to head the CNR. Five years later he succeeded Graham Towers in the bank's top job.

Although his \$50,000 salary as Bank of Canada governor is \$13,000 higher than that paid Canadian prime ministers, Coyne has acquired a reputation for being parsimonious to the point of stinginess. He drives about Ottawa in a four-year-old Ford, a fact that raises eyebrows among visiting European central bankers accustomed to being chauffeured in discreet limousines. He follows supermarket advertising so closely that he knows which chain is selling cans of salmon a cent or two cheaper than its rivals. He uses \$3.95 vest-pocket watches, which he discards when they stop running, and one acquaintance recalls a long lecture he once got from Coyne on the virtues of buying cardboard luggage.

Much of this penny-pinching is a result of Coyne's quarter century of adult life as a fastidious bachelor, with what one Ottawa hostess calls "an underdeveloped sense of social obligation." He had few hobbies; although he belonged to the Five Lakes Fishing Club in the Gatineau, a fellow member swears that he never saw Coyne wet a line. Coyne preferred to sit in a boat, reading economic texts. He has always had a very active interest in Canadian art, though, particularly the water colors of David Milne.

Coyne has become much more gregarious since his marriage, four years ago, to Meribeth Stobie Riley, a gracious and beautiful Winnipeg widow. But he still gives the impression of being much

more concerned with ideas than with people. He has great difficulty establishing rapport, largely because his purposeful aloofness is based on nothing more than painful shyness. He's so afraid to take advantage of his position that he once hesitated to cash a cheque, when he found himself out of money, because his only means of identification was his signature, engraved into the lower right-hand corner of every Canadian banknote. The honed brilliance of his mental equipment is often awkward to keep under control. He once listened to a Bank of Canada economist expound his pet theory for an hour, then cut him down with the remark: "I think that the exact opposite of what you've been saying is nearer the truth." His intransigency makes everyone uneasy. "Jim's got an open mind, until he makes it up. Then it's closed forever," says a colleague.

Part of Coyne's present difficulties stem from the comparison inevitably made between his stormy term as Bank of Canada governor and the stewardship of Graham Towers, his predecessor. Towers, who since his 1954 retirement has become a director of some of the top business corporations in North America, was an unassuming but accomplished banker with an astonishing capacity for making Bank of Canada policies seem not only right, but inevitable. Unlike Coyne, who much prefers to stay barricaded in his Ottawa office, Towers enjoyed the semantic excitement of traveling to Toronto and Montreal for informal lunches with the senior officers of chartered banks. In such expeditions, he had the advantage of being considered by the private bankers as one of their own. Towers had been plucked out of his job as the Royal Bank's assistant general manager by Prime Minister R. B. Bennett in 1934 to head the newly established central bank.

Limited supply equals value

The Bank of Canada was set up to offset the near collapse of confidence in the Canadian financial system brought about by the Depression. It was charged with regulating "credit and currency in the best interest of the economic life of the nation" and generally promoting "the economic and financial welfare of the dominion."

It's not a bank in the sense that it accepts deposits from individuals or makes loans to companies. The Bank of Canada's primary duty is to see that there is the right amount of money in existence at any given moment in the development of the country's economy. Coyne once explained this function to a reporter, while holding up a dollar bill. "It's remarkable," he said, "how deep-seated and unconscious is the public's acceptance of paper money. Why does money have value? It's certainly not because of the paper or what's written on it. Not because it's backed by gold — it isn't. It's because there's only a limited amount of it. That's why the supply of money must be subject to rigorous limitation and control — in other words, the currency must be managed. This management of the money supply is the Bank of Canada's main job."

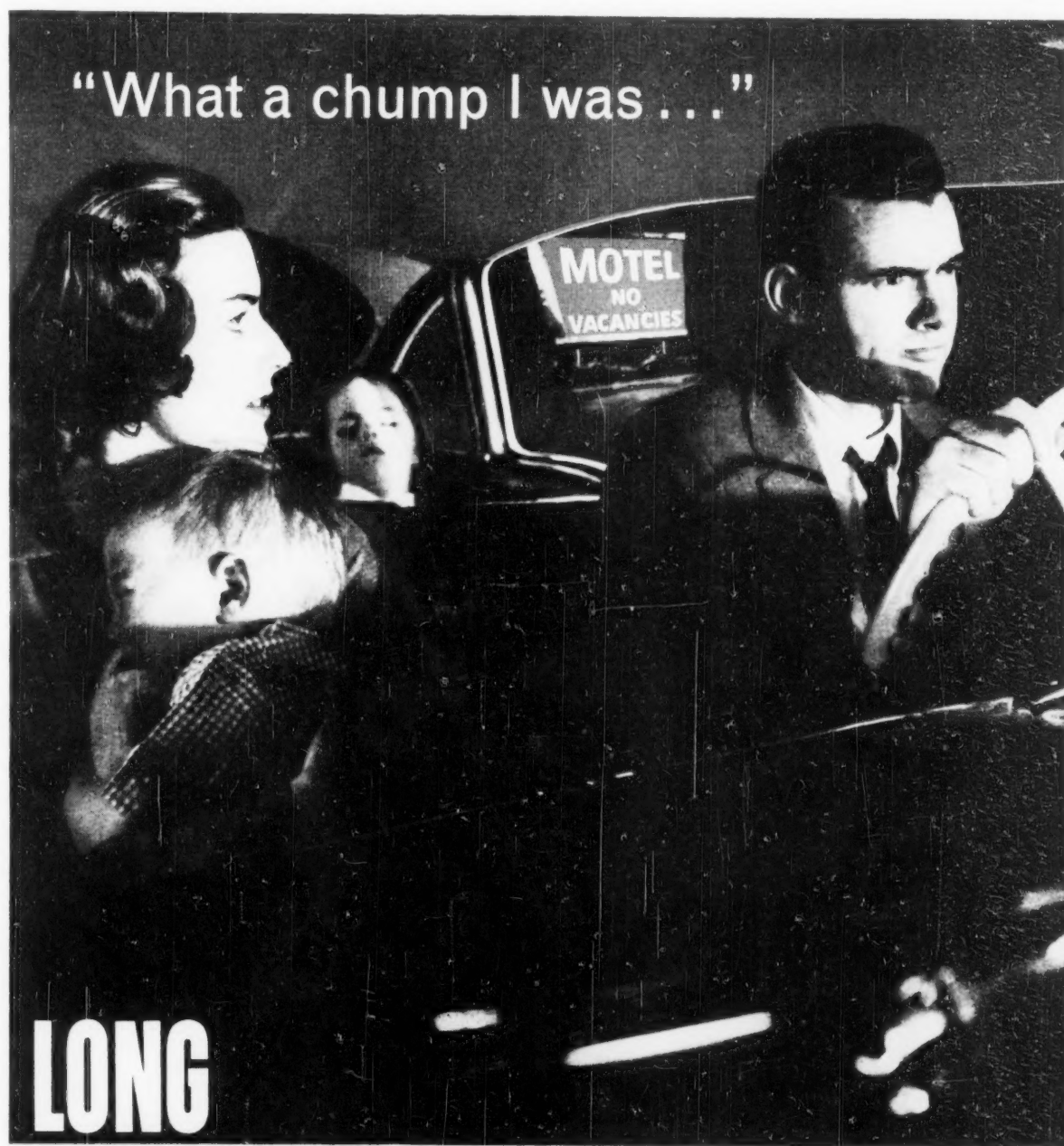
The bank achieves changes in the money supply by increasing or lowering the funds that the Canadian banking system as a whole is able to lend and invest. It can do this because under the federal Bank Act, each chartered bank is required to maintain cash reserves with the Bank of Canada equal to at least eight percent of its deposits. If the Bank of Canada wants to increase the funds of the banking system it buys government securities in the open market, and pays



PRESIDENTIAL PARTY: Everyone gets in the camera's way

Heads of state are hard to photograph for several reasons, Maclean's photo editor Don Newlands reports. For one thing, they've been photographed so often already that it takes a pioneer to find a fresh angle for the camera. In fact, it's hard to find a camera angle at all, because so many other photographers get in the way. And this time there weren't just the

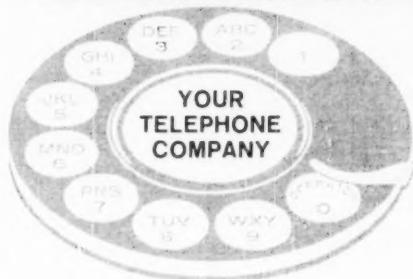
press corps and the RCMP to contend with, but also the sombre men of the Secret Service, who always accompany U.S. presidents. But sometimes Newlands saw a smile on the face of the First Lady that was obviously genuine. Once, he says, Jackie Kennedy *must* have been smiling at a cameraman who seemed to be collapsing under the weight of his own apparatus.



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for them with cheques drawn on itself. These cheques are eventually deposited by the individuals who sold the government bonds at their own chartered banks. These banks, in turn, return the cheques to the Bank of Canada. The cheques are then credited to their accounts at the central bank — thereby increasing the cash reserves they have on deposit. Because this raises their reserves to more than the minimum requirement (eight percent) they can then increase their loan and investment operations.

If, on the other hand, the Bank of Canada wants to reduce the money supply, the whole procedure is simply reversed. The central bank sells government bonds from its portfolio in the open market and accepts in payment cheques drawn on the accounts the buyers maintain with the chartered banks. The Bank of Canada charges these cheques against the cash reserves of the chartered banks on deposit with it — reducing their totals below the required eight percent level. To bring up their reserve ratio, the chartered banks have to increase their cash deposits with the central bank, thus slowing down the rate at which they can lend money to their customers.

Although this kind of money management is the bank's most important economic function, only the top handful of its thirteen hundred employees are concerned with directing the country's monetary policy. The bank is also the federal government's fiscal agent, a task that involves, among other things, the issue of government bonds and the handling of cheques addressed to the Receiver General. It also distributes new Canadian banknotes and destroys tattered ones. Last year, it placed 198 million pieces of paper money worth more than a billion dollars into circulation through the chartered banks, and burned 191 million worn-out notes in its three basement incinerators. One job of the governor is to decide how much paper currency should be in circulation.

To do this, he must study the economy carefully enough to form an estimate of the velocity with which the banknotes will be changing hands. Because of Christmas buying, for example, the amount of paper money printed for distribution in December last year was increased by \$128 million over the output for February 1960, a low spending month.

These and other decisions are of course taken by the governor in consultation with his many experts. But the final choice is always his own. The governor even has the power to overrule the decisions taken by the bank's board of directors — a body of twelve businessmen who meet seven times a year — although such a veto has to be referred to the government for confirmation or disallowance.

The relationship between the Bank of Canada and the federal government has always been touchy, probably because any institution that has the power to create money is naturally subject to political pressures. In general, when Bank of Canada decisions have been popular, governments have gladly accepted the responsibility for helping to formulate them; when they have caused controversy, the politicians have sternly pointed to the bank's antiseptic independence.

C. A. Dunning, the Liberal minister of finance in 1936, made the issue of government responsibility for Bank of Canada decisions clear when, during a House of Commons debate, he stated: "In the long run, the bank in the performance of a vital sovereign function must be responsible to the sovereign will expressed through a government. There cannot be

two sovereigns in a single state." J. L. Hsley, a successor to Dunning, further strengthened this view, when he observed that "the monetary policy which the bank carries out from time to time, must be the government's policy." Douglas Abbott, the next Liberal finance minister, was even more blunt. "The government," he said, "if it were not satisfied with the action taken by the governor of the Bank of Canada, would have to change the management."

When Walter Harris, Abbott's successor, during a 1956 Commons debate on interest rates, retreated from this hard position, he was immediately attacked by Donald Fleming, then Opposition financial critic, who scornfully accused the Liberal government of denying its responsibility for what the Bank of Canada was doing. "The government," he said, "cannot shed its responsibility for full fiscal policy in the broadest sense of the word, and that must include the actions of the Bank of Canada." But Fleming's assumption of power has dramatically reversed his opinion. "The Bank of Canada is not responsible to the government,"

PARADE

It's a bomby climate, too

Travel tip for family motor parties heading for happy holidays in Ontario's Lakehead district — stop at Port Arthur's new Nor-Shor Motor Hotel. "The Nor-Shor has everything to make your stay completely relaxing and enjoyable," carols a full-page ad in the Port Arthur News-Chronicle. "You'll like the beautifully appointed rooms, gracious elegance and the warm air of hospitality you'll find here."

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he bluntly told the House of Commons last December.

Some federal politicians believe that in spite of Fleming's rejection of Coyne's extreme economic nationalism, the minister of finance does lean on Coyne's tight-money philosophy to help urge financial orthodoxy on his fellow cabinet members, many of whom would prefer more politically attractive free-spending policies. One clue to the relationship between Fleming and Coyne leaked out of a private dinner for bond salesmen given in Ottawa two years ago. "When the history of these times is written," Coyne is reported to have told the investment dealers, "and the whole story of the part that Donald Fleming played is known, the people of Canada will realize their debt to him."

Despite any sympathy that may exist between Coyne and the government, he's become such a political liability that not even his best friends expect he'll be re-appointed beyond his seven-year term, due to expire at the end of this year. Feelers for a successor are known to be out in the Toronto and Montreal financial communities. The loquacious governor meanwhile continues to preach his lonely sermon.

"If we do not effectively change the trends of the past, we shall drift into an irreversible form of integration with a very much larger and more powerful neighbor," he summed up recently. "I do not believe this is what Canadians want. For it means surrendering the very idea of Canadianism, the dream of Canada which gripped the imagination of Sir John A. Macdonald, Georges-Etienne Cartier, and so many Canadians of their time and since." ★

How intelligence tests score today

Continued from page 20

Some talents just can't be measured by IQ tests: mechanical ability, for one thing, or creativity

such erudite fashion that his speech was practically unintelligible to his classmates until they were in university.

For most parents the first outside confirmation that their child is exceptionally smart, that he's just normal, or that he's below normal comes when he starts school and meets an IQ test. The IQ test is the only device yet evolved as some sort of objective measure of a child's brightness or "brains." And it's around the test's meaning, and its limitations, that most parents' confusion—and the experts' controversy—swirls.

The IQ test is defined in the Dictionary of Education as: "The most commonly used device for expressing level of mental development in relationship to chronological age: obtained by dividing the mental age (as measured by a general intelligence test) by the chronological age, and multiplying by 100."

A Toronto psychologist who works with young people describes the origin of measured intelligence this way: "IQ tests were invented by a Frenchman named Alfred Binet in 1905, when the ragamuffins of Paris were being admitted to the new public schools and they needed a quick way of predicting which youngsters were trainable. They worked, and they still work darned well in predicting academic success."

It's generally accepted that if a youngster has an IQ of 90 to 110 he's of normal or average intelligence; if above 130, of superior intelligence; above 140, "very superior." The highest recorded IQ, according to newspaper reports, was 230—higher than Einstein's—and belonged to

a seven-year-old New York lad who was a mathematical whiz. (When reporters came to question and stare, the prodigy told them, "I cannot account for the desire on the part of the nation's press to publicize what they refer to as my intellectual feats.")

In one respect, though, Terman's studies of the high IQ are curiously revealing: in spite of their intelligence, inventiveness and literary output, not one truly great creative artist has emerged from this hand-picked group. Just before his death Terman remarked wistfully, "Genius is rare, and this is the only major field in which the achievement of our group is limited."

This is one major criticism of IQ tests as a measure of potential: that creative children have a special kind of intelligence that the tests ignore. According to Paul Witty, an American psychologist, the content of the intelligence test is lacking in situations that disclose originality or creativity and it doesn't attempt to measure abilities in music, art or other special areas. Special mechanical abilities, or an early mathematical talent — neither of which need be linked with high general intelligence — can be overlooked. Some talents simply aren't measurable — like that of Minou Drouet of France, the sensitive little poet whose volumes of verse won her a place in the learned Society of Authors, Composers and Music Publishers at the age of eight.

In fact, recent experiments with almost five hundred young people suggest that the creative child and the child of high IQ are indeed two different types. Drs.



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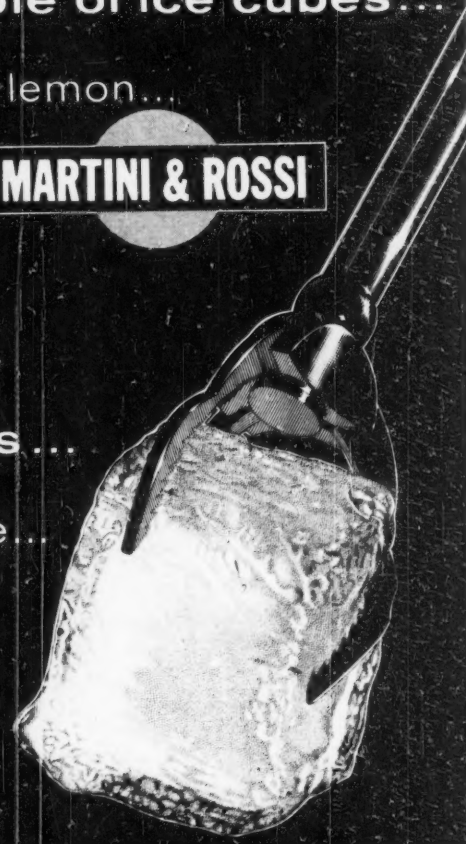
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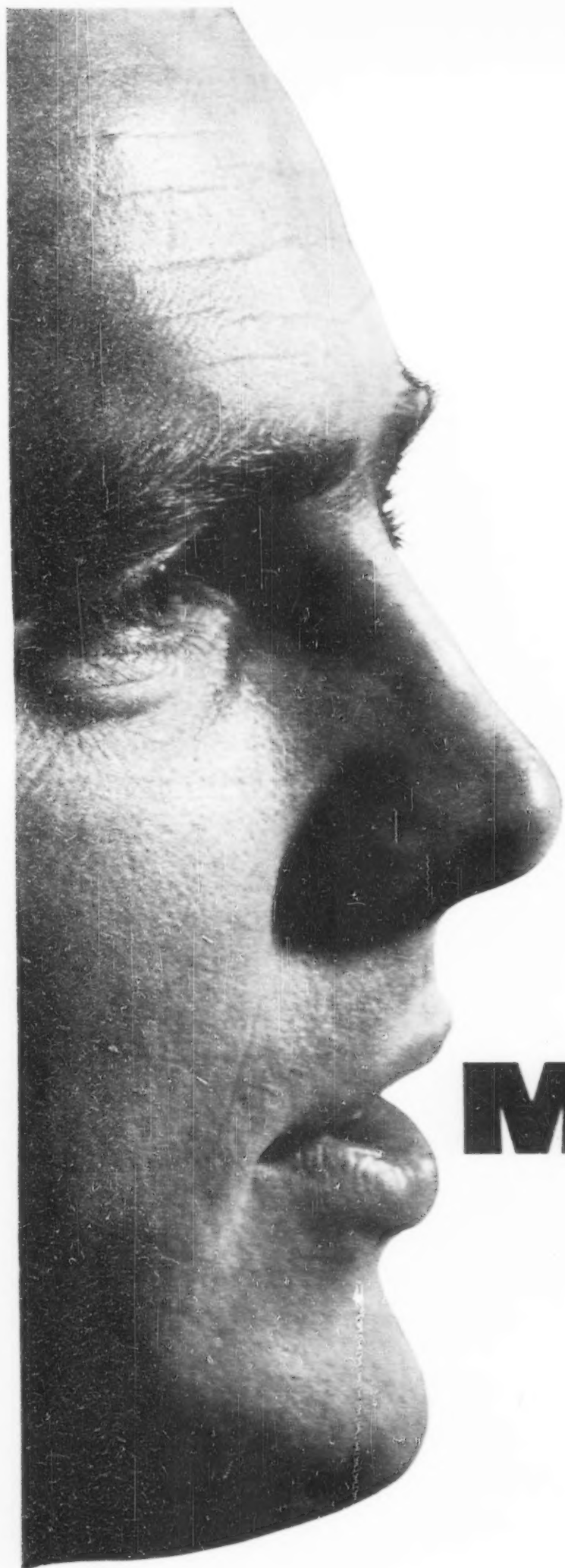
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Jacob Getzels and Philip Jackson, in studying two groups of students at the University of Chicago, have discovered that students who rated in the top twenty percent in IQ tests but not in the top twenty percent in tests for creativity were "convergent" types—that is, they sought right answers, desired to please their teachers and get high marks on examination, and tried to develop qualities they felt would lead to success in later life.

The other group of students, who rated in the top twenty percent on creative tests but not in IQ tests, were "divergent"—they took off from a stimulus, allowed their imagination free rein, had a rich fantasy life and a somewhat sardonic sense of humor, and were attracted to careers promising adventure and even risk.

At least one Canadian educator, Dr. Samuel Laycock, suggests that parents don't realize that reading, writing, spelling and computing skills are only means to an end, and that they are forcing teachers to develop the convergent pupil, who studies hard and gets good marks but possesses no real curiosity and little critical ability. He says, "We need creative people for leadership in medicine, statecraft, art, music and literature. We need them to solve national political, health, and welfare problems, and we need them in science for our very survival."

A second serious objection to IQ tests is the growing suspicion that they're loaded in favor of the child from the high socio-economic background.

For instance, a question in one test requires a knowledge of the word "sonata." Recently a U.S. sociologist, Dr. Allison Davis, gave this question to matched groups of students from different socio-economic levels. He found that 78 percent of those from the higher group got it right, compared with only 20 percent from the lower group.

When he gave the question: *Symphony is to composer as book is to (paper, sculptor, author, musician, man)*, 81 percent of the higher-class students got it right, but only 52 percent of the lower class. Then he couched the same mental problem in more familiar terms: *Baker goes with bread as carpenter goes with (saw, house, spoon, nail, man)*. Fifty percent of both groups gave right answers. In fact Davis found that by including or avoiding terms, concepts and situations familiar to middle-class environments, but relatively unfamiliar to lower-class environments, he could alter scores on some so-called objective tests virtually at will.

Some educators suggest that in assessing IQ, ten points should be added for a child from a deprived area and ten points subtracted from one who has enjoyed a more cultured background. And lately there's concern that certain long-established "characteristics of the gifted"—like advanced physical maturity and the precocious use of language—may just be environmental characteristics of a higher social class.

The third main criticism of the IQ as a yardstick is that it can change.

In England, when a number of orphans were removed from institutions and placed in happier surroundings, their IQs rose significantly.

In Ohio, at the Fels Research Institute for the Study of Human Development, psychologists have tested a large group of youngsters and found that a quarter increased their IQ score by 18 to 57 points as they became more self-reliant.

Withdrawn children are often known to be highly intelligent, but it shows up infrequently on routine tests since they are usually so remote that they can't (or won't) communicate their thoughts. Dr. Mary Northway of the Institute of Child

Study in Toronto recalls one little boy whose rating soared from 77 to 115 over a four-year period as he became a healthier child. She explains, "You can't get a high performance from a low capacity, but you can get a poor performance from a high capacity if something is blocking response."

One extraordinary illustration is the case of Jeannette, reported by a Victoria psychologist.

By the time Jeannette was 7½ she had spent a year and a half in a Children's Aid reception home, two years in foster homes, two months in hospital (diagnosis: mentally disturbed) and six months in another foster home. She lied, stole, had no friends, was defiant at school and submissive at home. A group intelligence test when she was eight indicated that she was dull normal. An individual Stanford-Binet test rated her similarly low, at 83. Then she was adopted by a sympa-

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thetic couple with a professional background. As she gained trust in their love she began to change. Today, at twelve, she no longer lies and steals, she is beginning to show affection, she has one or two friends, her school marks are all As and Bs.

And her Stanford-Binet rating is 125, just under the figure of 130 that the provincial Department of Education considers the mark of a gifted child.

There is a final variable, impossible either to measure or to ignore. Dr. Edgar A. Doll, a well-known American psychologist, accounts for it as "the three other IQs—Inner Quirks, Inner Qualities and Inner Quest." Dr. Bruce Quarrington, an eminent Canadian psychologist, calls it "motivation" and says, "Motivation is the character and intensity of the individual's needs. It looms large in everything a child does, and differences in motivation can make you guess wrong." Quarrington adds, "Parents themselves are part of their child's motivation structure because their attitudes and actions affect their child."

No one really knows how drive—the will to excel—starts. Some say it's simply a function of the adrenal glands; some attribute it to thyroid activity; others maintain that many highly motivated children have at least one parent who is driving and over-ambitious for recognition.

However it arises, and whatever it is, even the brightest child must have some of it to achieve his full potential.

It's awareness of all the imponderables that underlies the widespread objections of educators to telling children's IQ scores. In Canada they are generally a

deep, dark secret. Dr. Mary Northway holds that an exact IQ rating is important only if a child is being pressed to overshoot the mark, or if he's known to be bright but isn't achieving. Otherwise she believes there's no sense in having a lot of people running around with meaningless figures in their heads. Most teachers resort to such awkward generalities as "Mary is a bright child" or "Mary appears to encounter certain difficulties in the learning field."

But there are educators who believe you *should* be told your child's IQ. They suggest that it can help you to understand him better and plan more intelligently for his future.

Sometimes a parent doesn't recognize a bright child. A few years ago, for instance, a mother who had been a teacher before marriage moved to another province and enrolled her boy in grade seven. Alfred was rather a slow, dull boy, she told the principal. He had never shown any interest in school and wanted to leave as soon as she'd let him. Given his first IQ test, Alfred astonished her by scoring "very superior." As her attitude toward him changed, his own self-respect rose; he began to take an interest in schoolwork and after several months of hard slugging attained a position close to the top of his class.

And it can be just as important for a parent to know his child's limitations.

Not long ago an unhappy couple brought their seven-year-old daughter, Susie, to Toronto's Mental Health Clinic. She'd been a bright, happy baby and had loved kindergarten, they explained, but she'd failed grade one and, though she was repeating the grade, was still having trouble. Her parents had inaugurated long homework sessions every night after supper, but they invariably ended with the father shouting and the mother hysterical. Now Susie was wetting her bed like a baby and bursting into tears if anybody looked at her.

"How's she ever going to get through university and be a doctor if she can't even get through grade one?" her parents demanded.

Margaret Burns, director of casework at the clinic, says, "It wasn't easy for us to tell Susie's parents, after a battery of tests, that she was what we call dull normal and didn't have the grey matter to tackle a postgraduate course in medicine. . . . The discovery of her limited intelligence was the end of all their dreams."

But after weeks of sympathetic interviews, Susie's parents are realizing that she's doing the best she can, and mustn't be pushed beyond her mental capacity. "Susie's really very good with her hands, and she has infinite patience," her mother was able to remark recently. "Do you think she might make a good dressmaker some day?"

A parent who knows his child's capabilities, whether or not they include superior intelligence, can always help him to realize them. Here are some of the things you can do:

- Establish a warm and good emotional climate in which he can flourish cheerfully and without setback.
- Widen his experiences. Take him places, show him things, talk to him. But if his intelligence is normal or limited don't expect the same reactions as you'd get from an intensely curious child.
- Don't compare him with other children, especially his brothers and sisters.
- Be realistic. Try to steer him into a career that fits in with his needs, whether it's the one you'd like for him or not.
- Above all, love him and value him for what he is. ★

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"It's impossible," says a Canadian agent, "to break the U. S. monopoly"

has the good fortune to manage Glenn Gould, a pianist whose towering talent, big recording income and spirited independence render him immune to the blandishments and pressures of Columbia and National.

During the last six years J. P. Barwick, a well-to-do Ottawa music lover, has lost twenty-five thousand dollars in efforts to run an artists' management business that concentrates on getting engagements for Canadian platform soloists in their own

country. "I have found it impossible," says Barwick, "to break the Columbia-National monopoly."

This is how Columbia operates in Canada:

Traveling representatives of Colum-

bia's subsidiary, Community Concerts of Canada Ltd., use door-to-door sales techniques to build up congeries of local Community Concert Associations around which artists may tour with profit to themselves and their managements. A typical representative looks for towns with no reputation for music. He then calls on local music teachers, choir-masters, service clubs, aldermen and social leaders, and says in effect: "It's a shame you have no music here." Usually the citizens agree. The representative then persuades his newly made connections to form a committee for the founding of a local Community Concert Association.

The representative supplies the committee with posters, pamphlets and press and radio publicity material, and helps them to run a campaign for membership in the association. Membership fees vary from about seven to twenty-five dollars annually, according to the population of the town, the wealth of its citizens and the capacity of buildings suitable for concerts.

When the committee has enrolled enough members to raise an adequate sum — it varies from a minimum of fifteen hundred to more than twenty thousand dollars — the amount collected is called the budget. The budget is then set aside for artists' fees and the administrative costs of a series of three or four concerts to which all members of the local association will be admitted without further charge. The members thus become an organized audience.

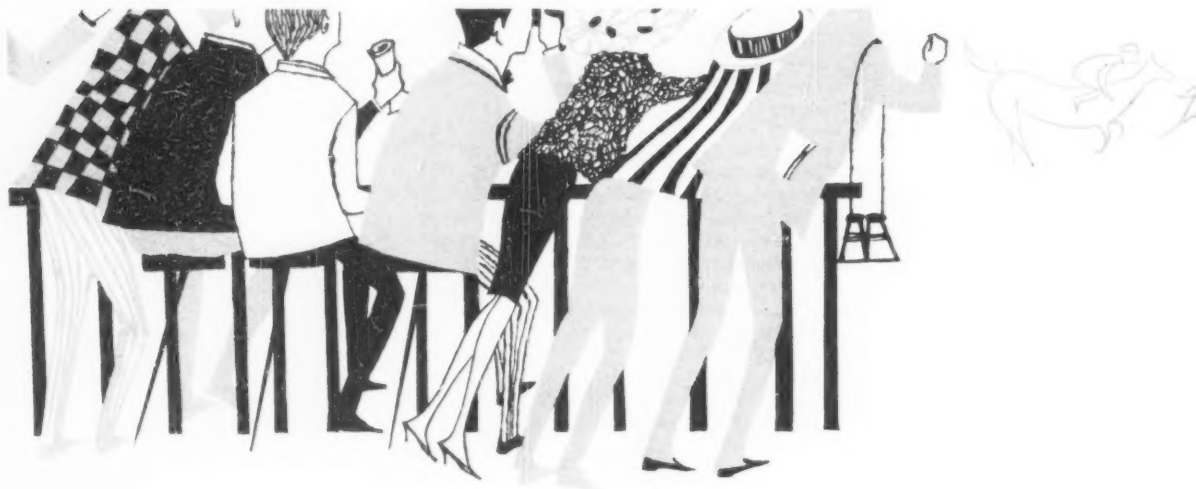
As soon as the money is safely in the bank the representative of Community shows the local committee a list of artists from which it may choose, together with the artists' fees and available dates. In theory the representative should show not only the names of Columbia artists but those under National and other managements. But because of Community's financial link with Columbia, the representative tends to push Columbia artists. "Let's face it," says Leo Barnache, director of Community Concerts of Canada Ltd. "I work for two companies — Community and Columbia."

Artists' fees vary from thirty-five hundred dollars a performance for a really big name to four hundred dollars for a minor celebrity. Maureen Forrester, the Canadian contralto, and Lois Marshall, the Canadian soprano, both of whom are managed by Columbia, are being offered next season to organized audiences for fifteen hundred and thirteen hundred and fifty dollars respectively.

"Generally speaking," says Leo Barnache, "organized - audience committees spend the bulk of the budget on one big name a season, and share out the residue among two or three lesser-known artists."

In the United States, Community Concerts Inc. works in the same way, and in fierce competition with Civic Concert Service Inc., whose representatives extol the merits of National artists.

In western Canada, George Zukerman follows similar methods. He says he tries hard to make his Overture Concert circuit an outlet for Canadian talent. In recent years, for example, he has placed on the Overture circuit the Canadian Opera Company and Toronto's Hart House Orchestra "when Columbia and National couldn't have cared less about them." He claims that thirty-five percent of his talent last year was Canadian, although this figure included instrumental and choral groups. He is proud of the fact that he does not combine, as Columbia and National do, the roles of artists' manager and organized - audience promoter. "I think," he says, "that such an



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arrangement is indecent." Nevertheless Zukerman has to maintain good relations with Columbia and National because his various Overture Concert Associations demand many artists who are managed by these New York giants.

According to J. P. Barwick, audience committees tend to favor big names at the expense of musical merit because "the ladies in the hats enjoy the reflected glory of the visiting celebrity's presence." Walter Herbert, director of the Canada Foundation, a private agency devoted to the arts, says: "They also find it easier to arrange concerts through the big New York managements. They don't have to go to the trouble of finding out where an artist is, and writing to him to negotiate dates and fees."

Frances Duncan, a former harpsichord soloist and wife of J. P. Barwick, says: "Programs dictated by the New York managements are geared to suit the most popular tastes. It is axiomatic that the untutored listener likes to hear music he has heard before. Knowing this, the New York managements insist on their artists playing the same old war horses for organized audiences year after year."

A few years ago Boyd Neel, now the

Both hedged when it was suggested that artists who lose their place in the headlines are eventually dropped from the managements' lists.

Some idea of Columbia's assessment of a great artist may be derived from the story of Van Cliburn, the young American pianist. In 1954, when he was twenty, Cliburn won the Leventritt Award, one of the most important in the United States. This gave him a debut with the New York Philharmonic and four other major orchestras. During the blare of publicity Cliburn accepted the offer of a Columbia contract. In his first season he had many engagements, in his second fewer, in his third only two or three. He was on the point of being dropped by Columbia when, with the financial help of two foundations and the moral help of his teacher, Rosina Lhevinne, he entered the Tchaikovsky International Piano Competition in Moscow, won first prize, and hit headlines around the world. Columbia promptly cabled him a new contract naming fees of twenty-five hundred dollars a performance.

The artists sent by Columbia and National around the organized circuits are all well known. But musical merit is not necessarily synonymous with a big name. Big names come out of the headlines. To make a big name an artist needs money.

Walter Herbert says: "Money represents no problem during the Canadian musician's education. There are at least five thousand scholarships in this country for promising music students — so many, in fact, that scores of them are never taken out."

Ezra Schabas, director of Toronto's Royal Conservatory of Music placement service, says: "Canada is one of the most fortunate countries in the world in so far as musical schooling is concerned. There is no such person in this country as a promising concert artist who lacks the funds to go to a good teacher."

J. P. Barwick says: "Education is not the difficulty. It's when the education is finished that the trouble begins. The concert artist cannot make a living unless he goes to Europe or gets signed on by Columbia or National. And even then he may last only a few years. Columbia and National do not like sending an artist to the same town for repeat performances. They believe in the drawing power of new faces, faces in the news."

How then, does a Canadian artist become a face in the news? By spending money.

Maureen Forrester, the Montreal contralto, who has been world-famous for six years, says: "It cost at least twenty-five thousand dollars to put me where I am." J. W. McConnell, a Montreal millionaire, provided the money.

Earlier in her career as a Montreal church soloist and service-club artist, Miss Forrester had discovered that the rising star's biggest handicap is traveling expenses. She would get an offer, for example, to sing in Vancouver for a fee of a hundred dollars or so. But the air fare and hotel bill involved precluded traveling so far for a single engagement.

McConnell got to hear of her problem and underwrote her travel expenses to single engagements in North America and Europe that eventually made her moderately famous. In 1956 McConnell paid for her New York debut in Town Hall, a procedure that usually is a heavy commercial loss but a means of getting heard by the major critics. The concert cost two thousand dollars. Miss Forrester was a hit. Columbia signed her up for big-city appearances and Community tours. Although she continues to live in Montreal, the economics of her business

PARADE

Who's pitching?

They still breed sportsmen young on the Prairies. When a Winnipeg seven-year-old came in from play, panting and hot and also flushed with eager



enthusiasm, mother asked him what the game was. "Oh, we've been playing catch," said Robbie. "First the girls catch the boys, then the boys catch the girls."

dean of Toronto's Royal Conservatory of Music, visited Canada under Columbia management as conductor of the English ensemble, the Boyd Neel Orchestra. At a party following an Ottawa performance, music lovers chaffed a number of Boyd Neel instrumentalists on the volume of schmaltz they had played. The musicians were hurt. "Dr. Neel didn't really want to play that stuff," said one. "But he had to. Before we left London a Columbia man went through our repertoire with a pencil, crossing out three quarters of the compositions and saying, 'We know what they like in Canada.'"

But even artists in the highest income brackets are grateful for organized audiences. Provided the dates fit in with engagements in nearby big cities, they yield a hefty addition to income. All aspiring artists yearn for organized-audience dates. But to get them in sufficient numbers to earn a living they must be signed up by Columbia or National.

In New York recently, J. Warren Tapscoott, assistant to the vice-president of Community Concerts Inc., said: "Many artists who are just as good as some of those we manage remain obscure for one reason or another." John Coleman, executive assistant to the president of Civic Concert Service Inc., said: "If I knew what makes some great artists famous and others remain unknown, I'd be worth a million dollars."

Both admitted, however, that the artists under the management of their parent corporations have in the first place made headlines and so become drawing powers.

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are such that she is thinking of living elsewhere. She finds that in her professional life she makes visits to Canada rather than leave Canada to visit other countries.

Lois Marshall, the Toronto soprano, had a similar experience. After plugging away at club dates in Ontario for fifteen years she attracted the attention of Walter Naumburg, a New York philanthropist who pays for three Town Hall concerts annually for unknown artists of merit. The critics cheered Miss Marshall and a Columbia contract followed.

Glenn Gould's Town Hall debut in 1955 was financed by his father, a comfortably-off furrier. Once more the critics were pleased. There was no offer from Columbia Artists Management, but Columbia Records, an affiliated company, gave Gould a three-year recording contract. Gould's recording of Bach's Goldberg Variations was an unexpected sensation. It catapulted him to the top of the pianoforte bracket. Gould spurned New York management offers and clung to his old mentor Walter Homburger. Today Homburger has but to drop a postcard to any impresario in the world and give a date on which Gould is free and a top-fee engagement offer comes back by telegraph.

The latest Canadian star of the concert platform is Robert Turini, a Montreal pianist who in 1956 had the good luck to be heard by Vladimir Horowitz.

The master selected Turini as his only pupil. The result was Turini's spectacular win of three fiercely contested European prizes. These brought Turini a debut last year at Carnegie Hall, New York, and a Columbia contract. The Canada Council then underwrote a series of concerts at which Turini played with all the major orchestras from Halifax to Vancouver. Next season Turini is being offered to organized audiences in Canada and the United States at seven hundred and fifty dollars a performance.

For each engagement Turini will pay Columbia a commission of fifteen percent, or \$112.50. This is reasonable. In all cultural fields artists pay agents or managers about this percentage. But on top of this Turini will have to pay a further, bigger sum, part of which will also find its way into the Columbia bank account. This is the margin of the fee allotted to the promoters of the organized audiences.

Artists pay to Community Concerts a margin that follows a sliding scale, according to fees. The lower ones are:

Fee	Margin
\$300 or less	\$100
\$400 to \$500	\$150
\$600 to \$650	\$200
\$700 to \$1,100	\$250
\$1,200 to \$1,250	\$300

Thus Turini will pay his managers and the organized-audience promoters a total of \$362.50 a performance and will keep \$387.50. Out of his own take he will have to pay his publicity, transport and hotel bills. Singers and instrumentalists on tour also pay the transport, but not the hotel bill, of their accompanist, plus a performance fee.

J. P. Barwick says the margin taken by organized-audience promoters is "iniquitous." Once the artist is paid there are few expenses save the rent of a hall, since most of the organization work is done free by local members of the association.

Tapscott of Community Concerts Inc. says: "The money is needed for the maintenance of the organization. It goes on the salaries and field expenses of Community representatives who are constantly traveling and building up more Community Concert Associations. This

is of ultimate benefit to the artist and other organizations. The artist is able to make short hops from town to town. But for this ability to tour economically, the small towns would never hear a great artist."

On this point the report of the 1951 Royal Commission on the Arts, Letters and Sciences argues: "No Canadian musician would wish to exclude or to impede the few incomparably great artists whose concert tours in Canada give great pleasure . . . and Canadian audiences cannot be expected to be content with indifferent performers only because they are Canadian. But Canadian resident musicians . . . by no means inferior in talent, in training and in experience to many of the visiting artists . . . are never included in the concert series conducted by the American agencies."

Some Canadian artists who have made organized-audience tours under Columbia or National speak with disillusion about the benefits. Portia White, the Halifax contralto, whose New York debut was financed by a special Nova Scotia provincial fund, says: "They burn the

lesser-known artists out because there are always more on the way up." Once, in three days, she sang in Guatemala, Ecuador and Panama, and on another tour had to hop between engagements from Laguna Beach, California, to Prince Rupert, B.C. She gave up and now teaches singing at Branksome Hall, a private school for girls in Toronto.

John Knight, a Toronto pianist who got onto the Community Concert circuit, became a National Film Board sound engineer because he found the travel expenses, management commissions and margins consumed most of his fees.

Rose Goldblatt, the Montreal music teacher and festival adjudicator, who was described by the Royal College of Music in England as "perhaps the most brilliant pianist we have produced," gets only sporadic concert engagements in Canada. Robert Ivan Foster, a Toronto baritone who is famous in Europe, lives in London because he cannot get enough engagements in Canada. For the same reason a dozen Canadian opera singers are playing in British and Continental companies. Boyd McDonald, a Saskatoon

pianist about whom London critics have raved, made less than a thousand dollars on a trip to Canada last year.

Carlina Carr, a Calgary pianist who lives in London, is celebrated throughout Europe for her devotion to modern composers, for her scrupulous interpretation of the composers' genius, and for her restrained bearing on the platform. She gets only infrequent engagements in Canada when she returns to visit her parents.

In a recent letter to a concert manager, Miss Carr's father asked: "Is it worth while for Carlina, who scorns sensationalism or subterfuge, or a lowering of her standards, to try to conform to public taste, or the lack of it, over here? Should we try to raise the money to put her in the North American rat race or should she drop out of the pianist picture over here entirely? She simply cannot continue in this way. Her expenses on the last jaunt were two hundred dollars more than her earnings. This leads me to believe that the general public on this side of the Atlantic is fooled into believing that affectation, mannerisms and eccentricities are evidence of genius and a measuring stick for depth of feeling and emotion. Uninformed reviewers, unscrupulous promoters, impresarios, advertising agencies and so on take advantage of this ignorance to build up so-called 'big name prestige' on anything but real beauty."

In and about Canada's major cities there are small musical clubs that stand free of the organized-audience circuits and make a policy of engaging a specific number of Canadian artists each year. Among them are the women's morning musical clubs of Toronto, Ottawa, London, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver. In smaller towns there are such independent clubs as those of Oshawa, Etobicoke, Brantford and Brockville, Ontario. But these are neither numerous enough nor wealthy enough to form the basis of an indigenous concert platform nor to break the Columbia-National hold on the organized-audience circuits.

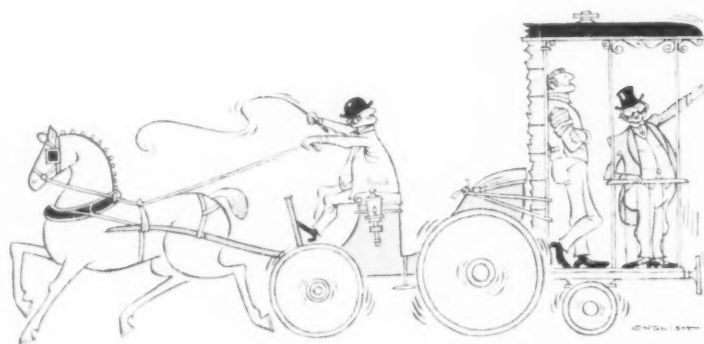
In Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal there remain old-time impresarios, like A. K. Gee, Walter Homburger, Albert Tremblay and Nicholas Koudriavtzeff, who engage an artist, put up the money to rent the hall, buy the advertising space, and sell the tickets for a concert, making a gain or a loss according to their luck and ingenuity.

Since their own money is at stake, they tend to engage only famous artists through Columbia, National or the New York independent managements, and so give rising Canadian artists very few opportunities.

J. P. Barwick thinks that the solution to the problem lies in the Canada Council. He is now urging the Canada Council to subsidize a strong Canadian management company, one that would get bookings for Canadian artists in Canada and leave them enough of their fees to make traveling expenses worth while. The management would compete with Columbia and National in getting artists onto the organized-audience circuits but ensure that there was no pandering to indiscriminating tastes. Nor would it permit its assessment of its artists' merit to be influenced by their volume or lack of publicity.

Until Barwick succeeds in his aim, many music lovers in Canada will continue to agree with Abram Chasins, a New York pianist, composer, radio station musical director and writer on musical affairs. In a recent book, *Speaking of Pianists*, Chasins wrote a chapter entitled *The Chains of Management*. It began with this sentence: "The plain facts of concert management are a scandal." ★

CANADIAN ECDOTE



When Pot Hole Kellie kidnapped the premier

MOST OF TODAY'S election scandals seem mild compared to those of British Columbia seventy or eighty years ago, and probably the most boisterous election of all occurred in 1890, when thirteen vigilantes kidnapped the premier, John Robson.

The ringleader was James (Pot Hole) Kellie, a six-foot-two Scot from Cobourg, Ontario, who had got his nickname as a miner in the Kootenays. Kellie had been in Revelstoke only a month when he founded the Miners' Association, an organization dedicated to fighting the mining regulations of Premier Robson's government. The miners hated the regulations because they were a confused tangle of rules that often allowed the railways to dictate the manner in which prospectors and miners could operate.

When "Honest John" Robson was passing through Revelstoke on his election tour, he was met at the train by Pot Hole Kellie, then a candidate in the forthcoming election. "Step off and meet some of my friends," Kellie coaxed. And, when the unsuspecting premier obliged, Kellie said, "Jump into one of these two comfortable rigs. While you ride around town you can talk over the mining laws with a few of our delegation. We are anxious to hear your point of view."

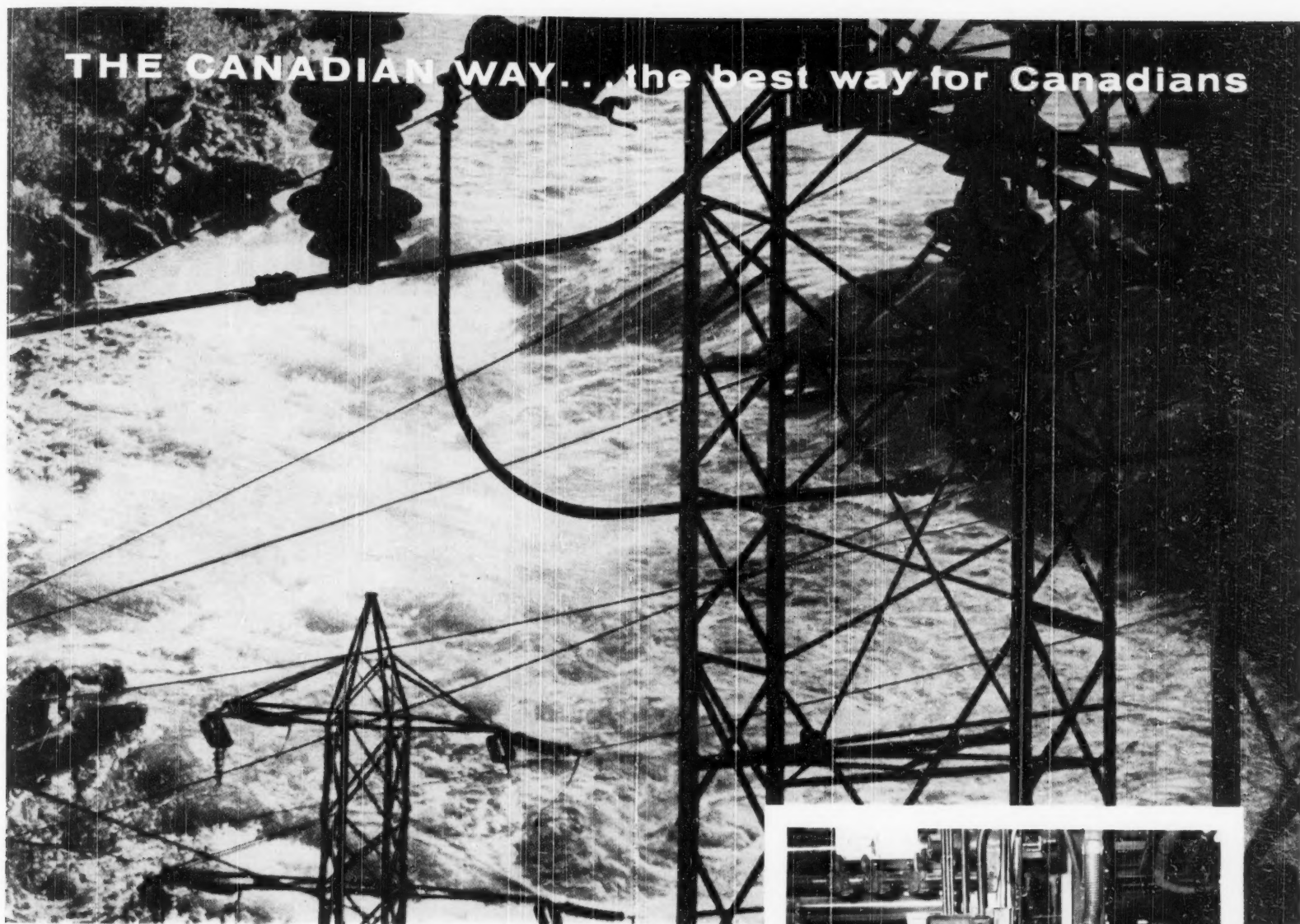
They gave Honest John such a long ride around town that he missed his train. Then Kellie's vigilantes lodged the premier comfortably at a hotel and promised to put him on the next train west if he would co-operate: "Now that we've heard your views privately, we'll arrange for you to hear ours publicly."

They hired a hall and circulated handbills and posters urging all miners to attend a meeting to protest against Robson's "injurious" legislation. Kellie and his friends whipped their capacity audience into a frenzy while the premier sat, unseen, at the sidelines. Then the chairman announced: "Gentlemen, meet John Robson."

The premier quickly captured the audience with his charming sincerity. "I have been shown, beyond a doubt, that my party's legislation has been a blunder," he said. Then, making a promise he was soon to keep, he said he would appoint two West Kootenay men to draft a new mining act. One of them was Pot Hole Kellie.

Kellie won a seat in the 1890 election, and was re-elected in the next general election. He died in Victoria in 1927. Today he is best remembered not as a kidnapper but as an honest man who helped to frame the B.C. Mining Act.—ED ARROL

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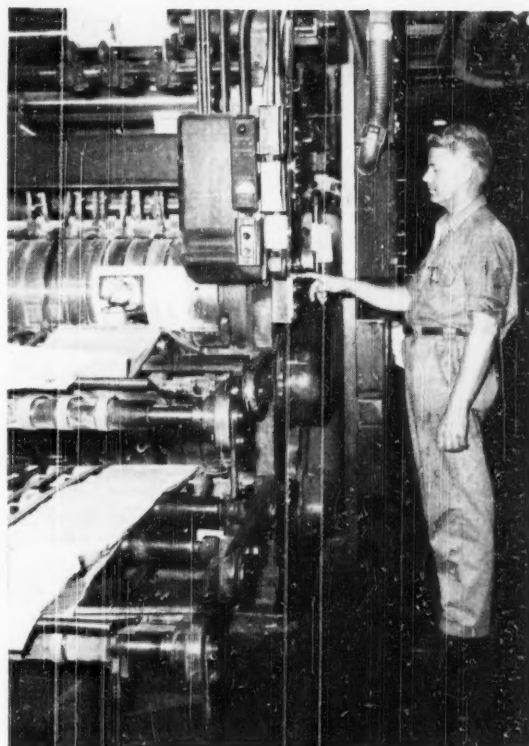


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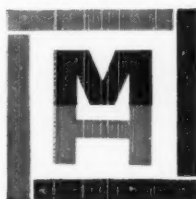
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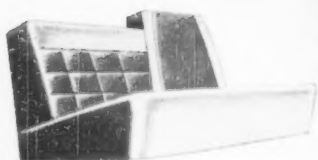
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BACKGROUND

How some Eskimos discriminate against Indians

The 200-and-some Cree Indians at Great Whale River, Que., suffer from a strange kind of racial discrimination: their Eskimo neighbors lord it over them.

According to George Johnson, a young Toronto sociologist who was sent by the Department of Northern Affairs last year to study relations between the two minority groups (who make up a majority of the population of Great Whale, a tiny Mid-Canada Line radar site on the shore of Hudson Bay), this is how racism works in the north:

✓ Eskimo kids bully Indian kids at school. The Indian pupils show "obvious terror," Johnson says in his report. Small Eskimo boys "tease" Indian boys twice their age—and "teasing" up there means throwing stones, pinching and punching. "The Eskimo children are generally confident, aggressive and rough in their play," Johnson says. "The Indian children are retiring, mild and

upset." One result is a high absentee rate for the Indians.

✓ Although the natives live apart from the whites, the two native groups don't mix. "A stranger wouldn't know where the Eskimo dwellings ended and the Indian dwellings began," Johnson says. But the two areas don't overlap. "It is as though two separate circles circumscribed the two camps. Where the circles nearly touch, the Eskimo and Indian dwellings face away from each other."

✓ Though almost all the Indians and Eskimos are Anglicans and attend the same church, they won't go together. The Indians wait outside until the Eskimo service is over, then go in with their own priest.

✓ At the Saturday night dance in the Northern Affairs warehouse, the Indians come late and stay in a group by themselves. "They seem inhibited by the presence of Eskimos," Johnson noted.

✓ Both groups spend a lot of time "loafing and passing the time," in the Hudson's Bay store, but not together. If an Eskimo finds mostly Indians in the store, he often turns and walks out. When Eskimos pass Indians at the door, they don't speak.

How come? Mostly, Johnson feels, it's because the Eskimo has been more willing—even eager—to integrate with the white man, and among the white man's customs that he's picked up is the habit of feeling superior to Indians. The Indian, who resents both whites and Eskimos as intruders on his ancestral ground, retreats into his family and his Bible. The Indians feel that the whites give the Eskimos a better break in housing, relief and jobs, and Johnson says their complaints are partly justified. "The public image of the Eskimo is at present bright among whites," he says. "That of the Indian is not."

— GRATTAN GRAY

Why Dr. Fred Urquhart sometimes wishes he'd never eaten a Monarch butterfly in the first place

Dr. Fred Urquhart, a lively, congenial zoologist who until early this year was head of life sciences at the Royal Ontario Museum, is apt to emit moaning sounds these days at any mention of the time he ate a Monarch butterfly. "It wasn't a goldfish-eating stunt," he says. "I'm concerned with a serious scholarly matter. I'm a little tired of it being treated as some kind of publicity stunt."

This June, nearly six years after he ate the butterfly, Urquhart was the subject of an article in the Toronto Star Weekly and the illustration, showing him holding a Monarch and looking for all the world as if he were going to eat it.

The story began one August afternoon in 1955, in a field near the Rouge River, just east of Toronto, where Urquhart was doing research on the Monarch, on which he is an authority and which happens to be a key figure in an important zoological theory called Batesian mimicry. According to this theory, the Viceroy butterfly seeks safety by imitating the appearance of the Monarch, which is supposed to be immune from attack by birds because of its bitter taste. Pondering the theory, Urquhart ate one. It didn't have any taste.

Later, Urquhart attended a meeting in New York of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The chairman asked if anyone in the house had ever tasted a Monarch butterfly. Urquhart held up his hand. The chairman asked him if it tasted bitter. Urquhart said it didn't. He said it had no taste at all. In the stunned silence, the chairman tactfully suggested that Urquhart just didn't happen to be able to taste Monarch butterflies. And before you could say Batesian mimicry Time magazine reported Urquhart's experiment.

Reporters swarmed after Urquhart, who backed down a little — maybe Monarchs weren't tasteless, he said; maybe they tasted like dry toast. The New Yorker appeared with a light-hearted spoof called How to Make a



Monkey Out of Darwin, by Geoffrey T. Hellman, a professed Batesian and a man who knows his butterflies. Hellman suggested that everything tastes like dry toast if you have a hangover; referred to the "Toronto iconoclast and his handmaiden Time"; said Urquhart was "jeopardizing the Good Neighbor policy"; asked "who does he think he is — a scarlet tanager?" and managed, by a combination of talented kidding and a tight little nosepeg of quotes (including one from Darwin, who swallowed the Batesian theory undigested), to make Urquhart look like an idiot to anyone who took the article seriously, which Urquhart did, and still does.

The Toronto newspapers took after Urquhart like hooting schoolboys. Photographers managed to get shots of him in which he was apparently getting ready to eat another Monarch. The Globe and Mail ran a poem about "A hungry lepidopterist, who thought of steak and reminisced . . ." In Iowa, a woman writer in the Des Moines Tribune said he "got up from the table" as he reported "Monarch butterflies taste like dry toast." He was besieged by friends who phoned to say things like "I hear you're on lean rations these days."

He began to wish he'd never done it. "You've no idea. It was awful," he says now.

It was suggested tactfully by some of his colleagues that stunts like this were scarcely becoming to a man in his position. But he was now receiving letters praising him on his "stand" from as far

off as Australia. "I had taken no stand," he says. "I said I could not taste the Monarch butterfly." However, he began gathering literature on the subject. As far as he could find, in all the years that scientists had written about the bitter Monarch and schoolchildren had been given little charts about the bitter Monarch and the crafty Viceroy, nobody had ever tasted a Monarch. He became fascinated by how far a theory can go without anybody's knowing anything about it.

Urquhart will resume a professorship in zoology at the University of Toronto early next year. For the time being he is doing further research on the Monarch, and the theory of Batesian mimicry. In his book on the Monarch butterfly, published last year by University of Toronto Press, he included a section on Batesian mimicry, but he will probably do another book dealing only with this subject. He is hoping to get zoology students interested. He makes no apology for such "impractical" pursuits ("when the time comes that man wants knowledge for knowledge's sake, it will be a better world").

"It's wonderful experimental work for a graduate student," he says. "It involves thirty-four unsolved problems, every one suitable for an MA. Some are of PhD calibre. A student could get hold of this and have a whale of a time."

In the meantime, Urquhart throws out a few leads. (a) Birds are not big eaters of butterflies. (b) Since a bird kills a butterfly or moth before he knows what it tastes like, the Monarch, if it relies on being bitter for survival, has chosen a poor means of insurance. (c) How can one butterfly imitate, by evolution, another butterfly that is evolving itself? (d) If he (Urquhart) can't tell how things taste to birds (he never did say he could), how can Batesians tell how things look to birds?

"They claim the Viceroy looks like the Monarch," he says. "To whom? A bird or a Batesian?"

— ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

FOOTNOTES

About living in 1961: The Consumer Price Index this year includes frozen foods and air travel and has dropped, among other items, brooms, ice and men's work boots. Not new on the index but not emphasized by its compilers: liquor.

About debtors: Are immigrants who decide they can't make a go of Canada and leave for home a headache for creditors here? Not a serious one; three quarters of them pay up once they get settled at home, and most of the others, says the Canadian Collectors' Association, respond to a little nagging. The trans-ocean travelers who do cause trouble are Canadian servicemen coming back from Europe. One skip-trace agency in Toronto has nearly 150 claims against ex-servicemen, for amounts as much as \$400. Most of the claims were filed by European stores—a lot of them in the area of Soest, West Germany — where Canadians ran up good credit ratings, then splurged just before they were transferred home. What's more, Veterans Affairs won't give the collectors their current addresses.

About eating vegetables: It may, after all, be a sign of great intelligence. A team of U.S. researchers discovered that women who had gone to college placed more emphasis on vegetables in their families' diets than women who hadn't.

About our dual culture: The English version of rules for dress for visitors to the House of Commons public galleries says "women in shorts will not be admitted." The French version, on the opposite page, says "dames en short" may enter, but are requested to sit near the back.

About the water supply: With or without fluorine, drinking water may have an effect on your heart. Recent studies in England, Wales, Japan and the U.S. have all indicated some connection between the hardness of water and the mortality rate from cardiovascular disease: the softer the water, the higher the rate.

About mosquitoes' marksmanship: The U.S. Department of Agriculture has uncovered their secret — they zero in on your breath. Researchers put 300 mosquitoes in a room with a man in a diving suit. When his breath was piped into another room, they ignored him. When it was released in the same one, they came after him.

About women in politics: How's Canada doing? Not very well, compared with most other countries. We have four woman MPs and six woman senators—10 out of 365 parliamentarians. Some comparable figures: Sweden, 28 out of 231; Germany, 49 of 519; Holland, 13 of 150. But we're still ahead of the U.S.A., where it's 15 women out of 435.

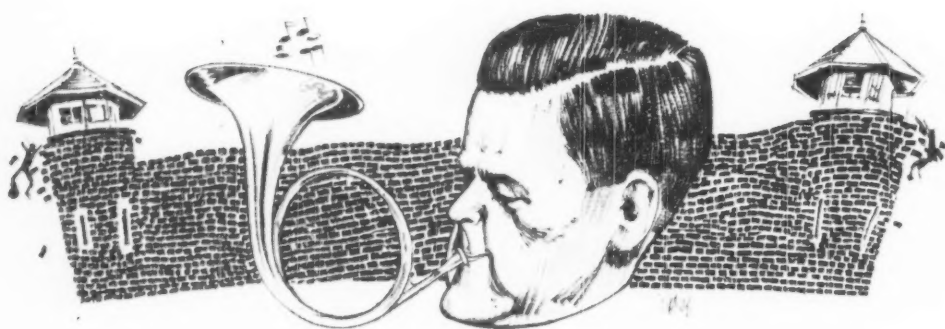


BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

HOPE COMES INTO THE PRISONS

Fulton's plan: improve the con's lot—and chances



AS JOHN Diefenbaker's current term in office approaches its conclusion, the tacticians of all parties are attempting to pick the group of Canadians that has benefited most from his rule. A babble of relaxing politicians were playing this game in the parliamentary cafeteria recently, when one of the more thoughtful young Conservative MPs halted the speculation by declaring: "Hell, that's easy. It's the convicts."

This mildly sarcastic verdict isn't as farfetched as it sounds. Conservative legislation has improved the position of many Canadians (and failed to help many others), but no people in Canada have had their daily lives more radically altered for the better during the past four years than the inmates of federal penitentiaries. In fact, penal reform may well be the most enduring achievement of the Diefenbaker regime.

Since convicts can't vote, this is a paradoxical accomplishment for an administration that seems to base most of its policies squarely on political motives. That our Neanderthal prison regulations are finally being modernized is due almost entirely to the efforts of Justice Minister Davie Fulton, the able B. C. lawyer who has established himself as the most enlightened Tory in the Diefenbaker cabinet.

"We've changed the basic concept of imprisonment," says Fulton. "Instead of having punishment fit the crime, we're attempting to make punishment fit the criminal." Fulton has changed the objective of incarceration from punishment to rehabilitation.

For many years the administration of penitentiaries was a forgotten branch of the federal service. Inmates were stored away in eight institutions that had the look and feel of dungeons in mediaeval fortresses. Locked in their cells for most of the day, they spent much of the remaining time in the ceaseless and unvaried procedure of being counted and recounted. The first major reforms were carried out by Joe McCulley, who was deputy commissioner of penitentiaries from 1947 to 1952. He introduced vocational training, organized sports, inmate canteens and the provision of psychiatric treatment. The acceleration since Fulton took office in 1957 has been tremendous.

Separate the men from the crooks

Under Fulton's regime, prisons haven't been transformed into carefree resorts, but for the first time an element of hope has been allowed behind their grey walls. By the end of the decade, when Fulton's program reaches its full effect, Canada will have one of the most progressive correctional systems in the world.

The greatest change under Fulton has been segregation of inmates according to their chances of rehabilitation. Instead of herding all convicts into an identical environment, the penitentiaries are constantly being screened for men who would benefit from less severe confinement. Two-thirds of the federal

prison population remains in maximum-security institutions, although even here life has been substantially improved. The others have been transferred to institutions with medium security (walls but no tower guards and relative freedom of movement on the inside) or minimum security (no walls, unarmed guards and few locks between the prisoner and the outside).

The basis of classification is not the nature of the man's crime, but a professional analysis of his personality. If he's thought capable of using violence to escape, he stays classified as maximum security; if he's not violent but isn't likely to resist the temptation of open doors, he's sent to medium-security establishments; if he's thought to have lots of self-control and a good chance for total rehabilitation, he's rated as minimum security. Eventually, it's hoped to have all but the hard-core third of the inmates out from under maximum security.

Fulton has doubled the penitentiaries branch budget to \$25 million, largely to finance the construction of a dozen new medium- and minimum-security prisons.

Life inside Canadian penitentiaries in all three categories has been changing fast. Under the old system, inmates were hermetically segregated from the community around them, with little encouragement given for anyone on the outside to acknowledge their existence, and no contact with ordinary society allowed them. Now, an increasing two-way traffic is being built up. Four Kingston Pen convicts, for example, recently attended a six-week course in graphic arts at Queen's University, accompanied by one unarmed guard in civilian clothes. Another group of inmates from the William Head institution on Vancouver Island were allowed to attend graduation ceremonies in Vancouver for a Dale Carnegie course they'd taken on the inside.

Up to two years ago, inmates were locked into their cells daily from 4:30 p.m. to 7 a.m. Now, they're allowed to stay up until 10 p.m. to participate in a limited way in community activities. They include art classes, drama workshops, meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous, and concerts.

In these and other ways, inmates are brought into contact with the society to which most of them will eventually return. The convicts at Kingston expressed their community spirit last winter by contributing a zany float to the Santa Claus parade. At Stony Mountain in Manitoba, six prisoners twice a month fulfill a request made to them by the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. They read the entire issue of Maclean's into recording machines and ship the tapes to interested blind people who listen to the magazine, without the expense of having to translate it into Braille.

Probably the most effective morale booster being introduced to prison life is the improved arrangement for visiting. Instead of being forced to view their relatives through bulletproof glass partitions, convicts

in medium- and minimum-security institutions can now chat with their families in a living-room atmosphere, and in summer months they're even allowed to picnic together on prison lawns.

One of the main drawbacks of the old system was that inmates had trouble holding jobs after release, because they worked only a four-hour day while under sentence. An eight-hour working day has now been introduced, with minimum-security convicts being moved to camps outside prison establishments, to help in non-commercial land drainage and lumbering operations.

As the life of the average Canadian convict in federal custody becomes more bearable, that of his guard is also being significantly improved. Guards are now officially called "correctional officers" (a term not always used, even by today's happier inmates), and instead of drab khaki uniforms they'll soon be wearing dark blue blazers and grey flannels. Pay scales have been raised and promotion channels have been widened.

No matter how comfortable life in prison may become, most convicts naturally long for only one thing: to get out. It is here that Fulton has brought about the most revolutionary changes. By creating the National Parole Board to take the place of the old ticket-of-leave act, he has more than doubled the number of prisoners being released before their sentences expire. Of the twenty-five hundred inmates paroled in 1960, only seven percent had to be sent back to prison, a failure rate that is among the world's lowest.

Into the outside—slowly

The new Parole Board doesn't grant freedom in return for good behavior as such, but rather on the basis of whether or not the inmate has derived maximum benefits from his imprisonment. "Parole isn't a question of clemency," says George Street, the former magistrate from Welland, Ontario, who is the board's chairman. "It's granted only when there appears at least a distinct indication of the applicant's rehabilitation."

Instead of suddenly ejecting long-term prisoners into a world grown unfamiliar, new gradual release methods allow convicts to spend the weeks before they finally graduate outside prison walls, reacquainting themselves with how things work in the stream of ordinary life.

This kind of treatment, which would have been laughed at by Canadian prison authorities a few years ago, invites the question whether Fulton's program isn't in fact mollycoddling men who have committed serious, often heinous crimes. Allen MacLeod, a leading Justice Department criminal lawyer who recently took over as commissioner of penitentiaries, flatly denies such accusations. "The man's time in prison is harder now, not easier," he says. "Instead of being able to retire into mental hibernation, he is being forced to continue thinking about his social obligations."

The mere detention of prisoners is a simple matter. What Fulton is attempting involves much more risk, although in the end it could be much more rewarding. Eight out of ten inmates now in federal penitentiaries have been to prison before. The success of Fulton's penal experiment won't be established until that figure is substantially reduced.

Meanwhile, some prisoners are taking unfair advantage of the relaxed security. Although the escape rate of one successful breakout a month is rising, the wire fences that have recently been placed around the minimum-security prisons have deliberately not been made sturdy enough to keep the prisoners locked in. They're designed to keep the curious public out. ✓



OVERSEAS REPORT

Leslie F. Hannon IN FRANCE

A visitor's view of a smoke-choked, crowded land, and its newfangled railway, which works

Anti-smoking programs?
Not here. Here, the
state pushes tobacco

PARIS — Shrugging its shoulders at the lung-cancer scare, the French state tobacco monopoly is this year celebrating its 150th anniversary with a slambang publicity campaign. A traveling show called Tabarama is on tour in the provinces and a commemorative medal and a special stamp mark the occasion. A new society, Les Compagnons de Jean Nicot, has been formed by connoisseurs of smoking. (Nicot was the French ambassador to Lisbon four hundred years ago; he's credited with getting Europe started on the tobacco habit by bringing a primitive snuff back to Paris in the hope of helping Catherine de Médicis to cure her migraine.)

It may be that the worldly French have noted the failure of anti-smoking campaigns elsewhere. A recent report by the British Ministry of Education showed that smoking had actually increased in classes of older boys and girls fed anti-smoking propaganda for a school year; among girls, the percentage of smokers leaped to seventeen from eight.

Or, and perhaps more likely, it may be that the state monopoly is simply too profitable to allow anyone to knock smoking. For France certainly smokes. The traveler soon becomes used to conducting all conversations with watering eyes, in a haze of acrid smoke. It seems impossible that the French could smoke any more if they tried, whatever publicity the monopoly puts out. It is currently making 44,000,000,000 cigarettes a year, roughly 1,000 for each man, woman and child in the country. Add to this 2,400,000,000 cigars and tons of snuff and chewing tobacco. The popular brands of French cigarettes, Gauloises and Gitanes, are less than half the price of most imported or American brands, but the treasury still rakes in a thumping four hundred million dollars a year in direct taxes.

Filter tips, available on some state brands, have only a small sale. They seem to be regarded as an American affectation. Controversy about the harmful effects of smoking seems non-existent in France, perhaps because, in normal years, the monopoly doesn't advertise.

A great place to visit,
but there's hardly room
to live (or drive a car)

Throughout the next couple of months thousands of Canadians on that once-in-a-lifetime pilgrimage to Paris will go for a cruise along the Seine—a dollar a head—and goggle and gasp at the riverside beauty. The five sleek and jazzy excursion boats can seat up to six

hundred, and one leaves every half hour until ten p.m. from the Pont de l'Alma. As they slip along the darkening quays under the magnificent trees, their blue searchlights probe the balconied windows of the elegant apartments on the Ile St. Louis and the multilingual spielers broadcast their seductive commentaries of history and high life. The enthralled tourist goes back to his hotel in the velvet night, half sick with envy of the people who actually live in this paradise.

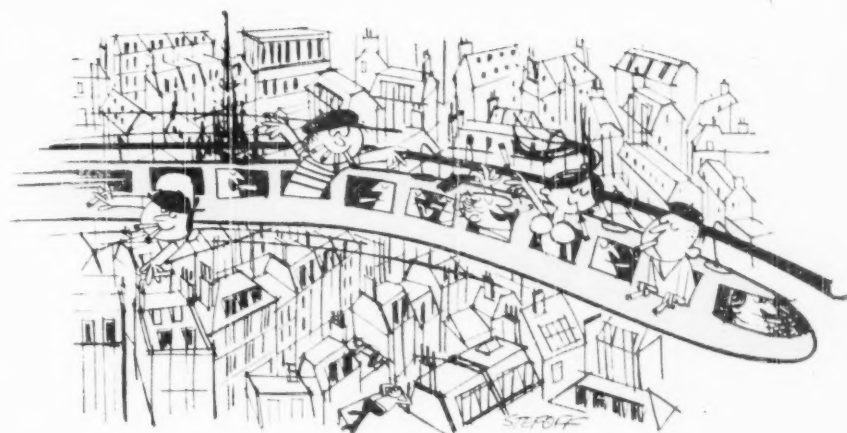
It's certain the tourist will barely believe that most of the eight million people who do live in the great sprawl of the French capital would gladly swap it for the visitor's suburban NHA bungalow, even without a spit level.

Except for a gilded few, Paris in 1961 is a hell of a place to live and work in. Love her as one must, she is a gay deceiver. Her breathtaking sights are compactly grouped; no travel agency or chamber of commerce could have arranged them better. They blind the visitor to the sober truth that Paris is hopelessly overcrowded, choking on its own traffic, exhausting itself in the routine affairs of eating, sleeping and (almost) breathing.

For instance: Though Paris is famous for the extent of its parks, there is less than a square yard of green space for each Parisian; the average in other European cities is over eight square yards. For instance: There's one motor vehicle in France for every six people and often it seems they are all trying to drive down the one cobbled street, just wide enough for two horses abreast. Even the spacious sweeps at the Etoile get so choked in the late afternoon that by comparison Montreal's St. Catherine Street is a sleepy byway.

Eight hundred thousand of Paris's two and a half million dwellings have been condemned as unhealthy. In the city proper, only seventeen percent have bathrooms. Experts state that the number of primary and secondary schools should be doubled to create proper conditions and even to keep pace with the demand. With fierce competition for central sites—fierce for centuries, that is—offices and workrooms are often jammed into poorly converted old homes, creating bad working conditions and dreadful fire risks. Under the stabilizing hand of de Gaulle, increasing efforts are being made to tackle these problems, mainly within the terms of a ten-year town-planning scheme estimated to cost nearly four hundred million dollars. The plan calls for half a million new homes, the resiting of two railway stations, extension of the subway, the moving of the mammoth produce marts, and new thoroughways, schools, parks, hospitals and parking lots.

Like many another great city, Paris is trying to tempt people to leave it. A ring of self-contained satellite towns just out of commuting range is planned, although no brash redeveloping hand can touch the famous façades of the historic streets in the suburbs. Slum clearance is under way at a fair clip.



The "island" system is favored, much the same technique as was used in Toronto's pioneering Regent Park scheme. (The comparison ends there; the soaring, airy apartment blocks created by the French architects would give the cautious Toronto aldermen apoplexy.)

Can Paris really be reshaped into some approximation of the tourists' midsummer night's dream? No Parisian would bet on it right now. A new dwelling is being completed every six minutes, but a new Parisian is being born every three minutes.

The French solution to
traffic problems may be
to go over them

The small town of Châteauneuf, a few miles up the Loire from Orleans, is drawing railroad fans from all over the world this summer. The magnet is a mile of track that goes nowhere and looks like no other railway on earth.

Among the camera-harnessed tourists may be seen groups of hard-eyed businessmen who take a few minutes' ride and then return to hotel rooms to put questions to eager officials of the improbably named Société Lyonnaise des Eaux et de l'Eclairage, which is trying to sell the world its new version of the overhead monorail. It prefers the term "suspended railway." The businessmen include MPs, mayors, transport experts and investors who are trying to decide if the French have come up with the best way yet of breaking the creeping paralysis of great cities.

Airport and airline executives particularly are studying the experimental line. Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, chairman of British European Airways, pointed out recently that if even ten minutes could be cut from the city-to-airport journeys at each end of the London-Paris flight it would have the same effect as doubling the cruising speed of aircraft.

France isn't alone in the field; West Germany is rushing a new monorail similar to the train actually in service

in Disneyland. The German model sits on the rail; the French hangs from it.

Elevated railways—even monorails—are of course far from new. One was tested over a British quarry in 1827. Parts of the Paris Metro still roar and wobble as belt-line trains thunder overhead, and the bellow and blight of New York's El haven't yet faded from memory. The world's first monorail, at Wuppertal, Germany, still screeches and sways along after sixty years.

So what's the current excitement about? Well, the French now claim to have beaten most of the known monorail problems. They offer a complete double-track system with stations every mile at an estimated \$4,480,000 a mile. Each train would be of two or three streamlined cars capable of 75 m.p.h. and would move a peak load of 30,000 passengers an hour in each direction. The train rides on pneumatic tires, which cut wheel noise dramatically.

The German system, built to a Swedish design, is much cheaper (approximately half the price), but the speeds are slower and the cars smaller.

Both the French and German entrepreneurs recently showed films of their systems in London, considered the world's No. 1 potential customer. The British government's transport and airport authorities are well aware that they must cut the 40-to-60-minute drive from London Airport to town (in fog it can be an hour longer). And they must cut it soon: 5½ million passengers used the airport last year and by 1970 the yearly total is expected to hit 10 to 12 million.

An extension of the London underground system from Victoria Station to the airport has already been surveyed. It would cost a towering \$25 million a mile. The unpopular alternative of a surface railway could be built for a mere \$2¼ million a mile. Lord Douglas says BEA will put up nearly \$3 million if the government should decide to go ahead with the \$67 million French monorail scheme or any other fast transport system, and British Overseas Airways Corporation is reported to be willing to match his offer.

ENTERTAINMENT

THE CASE AGAINST Romper Room: a mother wins

The classroom, where, as Maclean's reported last year, some schoolteachers use books that have commercial sponsorship (and approach) is not the only place where young children are subjected to salesmanship with "official endorsement." Five days a week thousands of pre-school youngsters from coast to coast sprawl in front of their TV sets and gaze entranced at an electronic baby-sitter called Romper Room. Its format: an hour-long locally produced mélange of games, songs, stories, "conversation," prayer and commercials. Its cast: children recruited from the area and a usually very attractive, very patient teacher. Each private station offering the show obtains its franchise from a Baltimore firm and must push the Romper Room line of toys.

In Winnipeg, Romper Room's format was overhauled recently, thanks mainly to the efforts of Mrs. Daphne Overhill, a 29-year-old housewife who has two young daughters (the five-year-old, Kirstie, plays chess and is starting to beat her mother), teaches music, paints, and reads developmental psychology. Here's how Mrs. Overhill launched a one-woman assault on Romper Room, and won a major victory:

Though Romper Room had been produced in the Winnipeg area since before Christmas I didn't see it until mid-April. My immediate reaction was astonishment and horror at the deliberate blending of advertising and program content.

The teacher—a Miss Roma—delivered commercials of all kinds, Romper-Room-trademarked toys and plugs for other products riddled the program. I soon discovered this was standard procedure.

On May 9, for instance, Miss Roma referred to a circus she had attended the night before, led the children in marching while they played Romper Room rhythm-band toys, trotted out some live dogs so she could give a plug for a pet shop, then called a halt so children in the studio—and at home, of course—could enjoy milk and cookies, the brands of which she named.

Later, Miss Roma urged children to visit a local toy shop where they could place their names in a wishing well, and, if they were lucky, win a prize. The store handled Romper Room toys.

At guest time, Jay North ("Dennis the Menace") appeared. He referred to his television sponsor and the circus at which he was appearing.

Popular support of the program—the Winnipeg station claims 60 to 70 per-

cent viewership—was no excuse for its continuation, I felt.

I wrote the producer of the Romper Room show but received no answer. I polled my neighbors; their reaction ranged from utter indifference, to amusement at my outrage, to the feeling that nothing could be done to regulate private broadcasting, to, at best, mild irritation. Some parents hadn't looked at the show, even though their children watched it regularly.

Next I sent letters to the Board of Broadcast Governors and the Winnipeg Tribune. Ann Henry, the Tribune's TV columnist, published the letter. (She had already blasted the program the previous December.) The letter induced some mothers I knew to take a second look at the program, and decide it was not such good viewing after all.

PROFILE: Golf pros' den-mother



Mrs. Lillis Marshall is a rotund, jolly grandmother who lives in Toronto. Almost every professional golfer in Canada who is over 30 calls her Larry and every professional golfer in Canada—there are 320 who qualify for the upper, or playing, echelon of the Canadian Professional Golf Association and another hundred or so who don't—knows her and likes her. Mrs. Marshall's husband, who's called Marsh, is the secretary of the CPGA. Mrs., or Larry, Marshall, is, as of this year, officially his assistant, though she hasn't swung a driver in her life.

In theory, her job is to keep the books. She does keep them, of course (the CPGA handles about \$20,000 a year), but she also keeps most of the pros happy and, if possible, out of debt by an unofficial counseling service that goes on almost constantly in letters and in person; and she keeps on answering one of the six household telephones.

One night a few weeks ago, a phone rang at 3 a.m. Someone in Vancouver

The BBG said it tried to solve advertising problems by insisting that a station announcer deliver the commercials. They asked me to monitor the show and report changes, if any, in two weeks.

There were no changes. I wrote to the BBG again and got in touch with the Manitoba Teachers' Society, asking them to investigate Romper Room's misuse of teaching authority. My letter to the BBG included sample Romper Room formats. I also wrote to station CJAY-TV again but didn't get an answer.

Finally, on May 12 the BBG informed me the station had agreed to change the Romper Room format. "The commercials will not be given by the teacher," they said. Four days later a male announcer appeared for the first time on the show. ✓

wanted to know how much Stan Leonard had won on the tour last year. "American or Canadian tour?" asked Larry Marshall sleepily. "Gee I don't know," said Vancouver. "It's to settle a bet," Larry said "Sorry," and went back to bed. Her husband asked who it was. She told him. "There is no Canadian tour," he said. "Oh," she said.

But Larry Marshall knows enough about the problems of golf pros to act as a kind of employment service for young pros who want jobs and for golf clubs who want young pros and to soothe the often-rumpled nerves of the men who play the world's most nerve-rumpling game. She draws up timetables for CPGA tournaments and gives advice on wariness to bronzed, handsome golfers on tour among the pretty ladies of the continent's golf courses. She is the only living person to have seen the scrapbook of one young pro—who shall be nameless—who carries a complete record of his life around with him as Charlie Brown carries his blanket.

The Marshalls practice only one slight deception. Unwilling ever to go one down to their mighty and mightily organized U.S. counterpart, the two paid officers of the CPGA often run around their house from phone to phone—"they have different acoustics," Larry says—answering from the "office of the publicity director" or being, temporarily, the "chief accountant" when the USPGA calls.

Other than that, though, says Larry Marshall, "it's a real par setup."

—SHIRLEY MAIR

New boom in the theatre: way, way off Broadway

The Vancouver International Festival and the Manitoba Theatre Centre, in Winnipeg, which have drawn more people to their respective home towns from all over the west than any other theatrical attractions, may soon be sending live, professional theatre into many of their patrons' home towns. Both organizations have plans at different stages of development to establish traveling companies, and if even one of them comes off it could be the best news provincial theatre in Canada has had in years.

The Manitoba plan is further along. It exists only because of the remarkable success in Winnipeg of the MTC. Founded on a very short shoestring in October '57, the MTC is now a flour-

ishing, year-round operation, with solid support from the Canada Council, from federal, provincial and municipal governments and from the public. This past season, 52,000 people attended its eight regular plays and hundreds more saw the "studio productions" it put on in between.

This year's tour is modest—six days of The Fourposter in Souris, Selkirk and Flin Flon. But director John Hirsch, a 31-year-old Hungarian immigrant who built the MTC from an amalgamation of his own Theatre 77 and the Winnipeg Little Theatre, is talking about it as only a prototype. The MTC has even wider influence: Hirsch drew up the blueprints for a Northern Alberta Centre that recently opened in

Edmonton, and he's now working with a group in Regina.

The Vancouver touring company will depend on the success of drama at this year's festival. After losing money on all three of the plays it's put on in its three-year life, the VIF this year has scheduled Gratien Gélinas' *Comédie Canadienne* in an English translation of his *Bousille et les Justes*, Giraudoux's *Sodom and Gomorrah* in an English translation, and the North American premiere of a Karl Wittlinger play called *Do You Know the Milky Way?* This last, which will run Aug. 18 to Sept. 2 and will star Walter Slezak and Hal Holbrook, is the play the VIF may send on tour—and may send to Broadway in the winter. ✓

MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

Another dandy adventure from High Noon's maker

THE GUNS OF NAVARONE: A

wartime adventure epic on a grand scale, liberally laced with humor and surprises, and a strong contender for eventual listing among the top movies of 1961. It was made in Greece and England by British director J. Lee Thompson under the supervision of the American producer-writer Carl Foreman, whose previous achievements include the classic western, *High Noon*. Gregory Peck heads the multinational cast as the leader of a handpicked group of military saboteurs assigned to destroy a pair of mammoth radar-controlled German cannons on an island in the Aegean Sea. If the expedition fails, rescue ships cannot reach two thousand marooned Allied troops facing annihilation in one of Hitler's show-of-strength blitzes. A novel by Alistair Maclean supplied the basis of this outstanding production, the best thing of its kind since *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. Anthony Quinn, David Niven and Anthony Quayle are prominent among Peck's formidable colleagues.

ANGEL BABY: There are several sharp and memorable scenes in this puzzling Hollywood melodrama about faith-healing and gospel racketeering in the Deep South, but the characters are vaguely developed and the film never establishes a clear point of view toward its sensational subject.

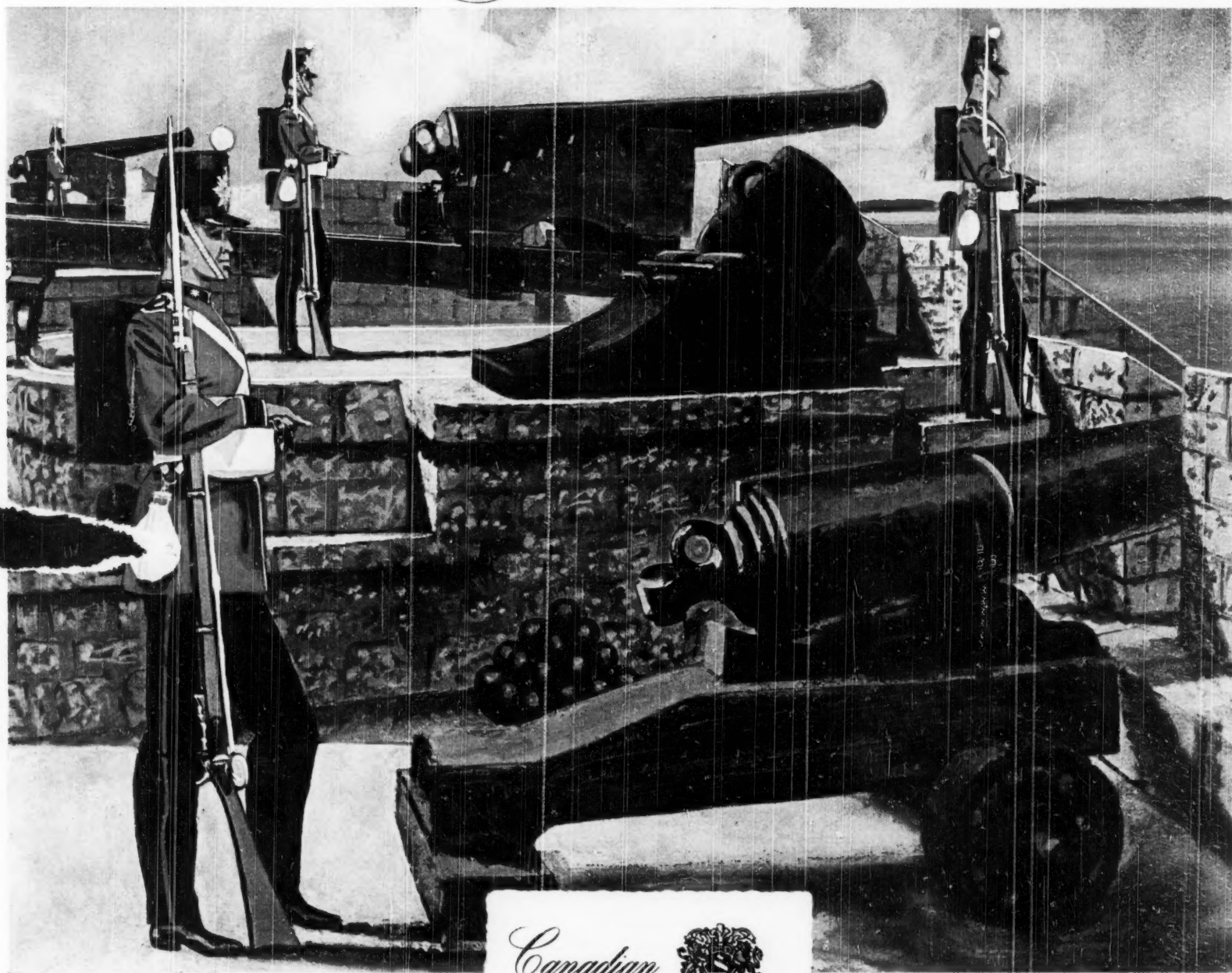
THE LAST SUNSET: A good big-budget western bearing the imprint of Dalton Trumbo, who did the scripts of *Exodus* and *Spartacus*. The plot is the saddle-sore oldie about the lawman (Rock Hudson) who learns to admire the accused murderer (Kirk Douglas) he is "bringing in" across the wild frontier; but Trumbo's treatment of this cactus mythology has fresh touches of poetry and perception.

THE RIGHT APPROACH: A Hollywood comedy-drama that never quite seems to make up its mind whether its attitude toward contemporary American showbusiness is sardonic or starry-eyed. Frankie Vaughan portrays an avid hoover who is a heel without a soul. Also on hand are Martha Hyer, Juliet Prowse, Gary Crosby.

And these are worth seeing:
The Angry Silence
Gone With the Wind
Mein Kampf
The Pleasure of His Company
A Raisin in the Sun
Saturday Night and Sunday Morning
Very Important Person

Original Fine Canadian

The fine Canadian tradition of service is represented in this painting of Old Fort Henry. These are sentries on duty at the Citadel of Upper Canada around 1860, a fort which still dominates Kingston, Ontario.



Certified 8-year-old
Canadian Whisky

Another fine Canadian tradition is serving Canadian Schenley O.F.C. The name O.F.C. stands for Original Fine Canadian. *Original*, because it was the first 8-year-old Canadian carry a numbered, dated and signed stating its true age. *Fine*, because it is on eight years in small oak casks for that bouquet and excellence of flavour that only age can bring. *Canadian*, because it is made for Canadians and by Canadians—a whisky of truly outstanding quality.

Canadian 

Schenley

O.F.C.

CANADIAN WHISKY

This is a superb, fully aged whisky a proud achievement of Canada's most distinguished master distillers

Canadian Schenley Ltd.
VALLEYFIELD P.Q. CANADA

Canadian
Schenley Ltd.

"Distillers of Certified Aged Whiskies"

ORDER OF MERIT, AGED 12 YEARS • RESERVE, AGED 6 YEARS • GOLDEN WEDDING, AGED 5 YEARS

Ask for "Coke" or "Coca-Cola"—both trade-marks mean the product of Coca-Cola Ltd.—the world's best-loved sparkling drink.



Enjoy that **REFRESHING NEW FEELING**
you get from Coke! Try a "Float with Coke" at home
or at your favourite fountain. Savour that special zing,
that lively lift, Coca-Cola gives you!

